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Monica Peveril Turnbull

[*With Violets for her Grave*]

By Newman Howard

[Heroine and poetess, her life was sacrificed in the effort to save her sister from fire. A presage of this catastrophe seems to be recorded in lines written by her just before the accident.]

ONCE more wild March, her mantle shaken
In scudding clouds and gales,
Breathes sorrow through the russet bracken:
Sappho has fled the Dales:
Her "king's robe stained with blood" lies doft,
And bare the hill and brown the croft
Trod by her singing footsteps oft,
But now forsaken.

Clouds on the crags, deep-cleft and hoary,
Dream in a mist of tears
Of that brief pageant of her story,
That golden sheaf of years,
Since, laughing there when Spring was young,
Around her breast a wreath she flung
Of smoke-weed, tipped with fiery tongue,
Pale fumitory:

Sad omen! Sure in wild caress
Even the flames might be
Changed by her virgin perfectness
To such sweet garlandry;

Such rainbow robes as weeping weaves,
When Hope re-twines her ravished leaves,
And clothes the form no Spring retrieves
With angel dress:

Saint, heroine, victress! yet for her
What solace? Now no more
The beckoning beauty everywhere
Shall her bright wings explore?
Our bird is slain; the throstle's note
Scarce bubbled ere the arrow smote
And hushed the sweet song in her throat,
Transfixed it there,—

Froze its first rapture. So the gloom
Of imminent steeps of Death
Purples with shade the pasque-flower's bloom
And chokes the rose's breath:
For oft to songs our Sappho sings
A wild and haunting shadow clings,
Oft 'neath her girlish treble rings
The note of doom.

So in mid flight o'er oceans blue
The swallow, seeking May,
Sees a dark shadow-bird pursue
Glassed through the hissing spray.
Shall Sappho find her May? That hour
The Scytheman smote our singing flower
A Shape, a Phantom crossed her bower,
Stealthy as dew,

Pale, dreamlike, vague. In fear's embrace
Her waiting spirit lay;
Strong lamplight fell upon his face,—
Or was it the light of Day?
Not terrible now, her songs being done,
He only smiled, that shining One
To hear the glad notes ne'er outrun
The mournful bass.*

* "My armour of content, Shrivelled and fell away:
Naked to what was coming My waiting Spirit lay." . . . .
"You sat where the yellow lamplight Fell broad and bright as day."
&c.
Thus the prophetic vision: the accident was caused by a fallen lamp.

MONICA PEVERIL TURNBULL

At dawn she dreamed; Death's flame, or Day's,
Wrapt her sweet limbs that night:
Dear, did One smile His perfect praise
And clothe your song with light?
Smiling, men set the ultimate task
Who know it conquered ere they ask,—
Now shall the Victor doff the casque,
And don the bays?

Stricken with dreams, by terrors shaken,
Dreams whisper that we dream:
When night by day is overtaken
How vain those terrors seem!
Our sense, spell-bound by earth and sun,
Weaves solids where the world has none;
Living we sleep; new dreams are spun
When sleepers waken.

What shall the nurseling leaf affirm
Of the oak's unravellings?
What the blind plasm, the groping worm
Of soul or song-bird's wings?
These, narrow of sense, dim caves surround,—
Us the wide heavens; new frontiers bound,
New glories, new delights astound
The expanded germ.

In rhythmic sleep, its petals blown,
Fresh fields the fruit inherits;
Dark skies with countless worlds are sown,
Dark years with countless spirits;
Epics inscribed on myriad scrolls,
Worlds in Time's womb are all men's souls:
From world to answering world life rolls
Its antiphone,—

Deathless through change: for times remote
Life's sequent chords unite;
Theme calls to theme; they wreathe and float,
Fragrant of the infinite.
Yet life integral there is none,
But waves that in one river run,
Aeons made moments, felt as one,
Note linked with note.

Nor, of this world alone, one clod,
One swift electric brain:
The ferrule's here, the fulcrate rod
Quivers through space amain.*
Souls flame up on his anvil: He,
The Smithy, sits in ether free;
He wields the orbs in majesty,—
His name is God.

Like dust the stars His mind enrolls,
And pours them out in Light,—
Like stars this dust our life controls,
Then looses, and takes flight.
Stars are they? Nay, but song and thrill,
Keen lambent thought evoked at will,—
His stuff and ours,—for he is Will,
Soul of all souls.

For, lo, this filmy universe
Pierced by the tunèd ray,
What arras front,—no frayed reverse,—
Its galaxies display!
Vast regions lie behind: ah, there,
Well shapen still,—her soul was fair,—
Breathes she the jocund balmy air,
The bruised wing's nurse?

Brave song that broke in dropping tears,—
Dawn dashed to night,—thy close
Waits in this music of the spheres
Some birth to solve its throes;
Some bloom to break the perished husk,
And fill the night with fragrant musk,—
Some wings heard fluttering in the dusk
Ere new dawn peers.

* "Electrical Mass [whole Mass being, it is argued, electrical] has its origin in the region round the corpuscle, and is not resident in the corpuscle itself; hence, from our point of view, each corpuscle may be said to extend throughout the whole universe; a result which is interesting in connection with the dogma that two bodies cannot occupy the same space."—*Sir J. J. Thomson, "Corpuscular Theory of Matter,"* p. 34.

For, Sappho, Dante never hymned
A heavenlier grace than thine,
Pheidias ne'er wrought, nor Raphael limned
Madonna more divine!—
Mirthful she was, broad visioned, wise,
Keen-laughtered, constant, and her eyes
Shone with compassion,—moonlit skies,
Clear, deep, undimmed.

Dark prophets they, who deem Fate's fools
Are all things brave and fair,—
Who dredge for spawn in dead-sea pools,
And read life's meaning there!
More truths of heaven and earth we trace,—
More searchings-out of Time and Space,—
More wisdom in one woman's face
Than all the Schools.

Breathe, then, of fragrant Spring's foretelling,—
First murmuring of her breath,—
Violets, blue violets, breathe, dispelling
The heavy mists of death;
Breathe, emblem of her sweetness here,—
Breathe your last breath upon her bier;
Whisper "Earth's bloom turns only sere
For new buds' swelling."

March 4, 1913.

Dreams of Childhood

By Stephen Southwold

The Mermaid

ONE day upon the golden sands,
Beneath the shining summer sun,
I lay and idly watched the waves,
Tired out with all my noisy fun.

I heard the little wavelets plash,
And murmur on the pebbled shore;
The great sea sang to me that day
As it had never sang before.

I watched the crested wavetops break,
And sparkle like new-fallen snow;
I wondered if I plunged within
What I should find down there below.

Now, as I lay, a stronger wave
Cast at my feet a mighty shell,
And from within I heard a sound
Of laughter like a silver bell.

The great shell opened, and I saw
With wonder, yet half-fearfully,
New-come from out her sea-lapped cave,
A lovely mermaid watching me.

Her hair was golden like ripe corn,
Her arms were soft and pearly white;
The scales upon her silvered tail
Sparkled like polished armour bright.

Her brow was crowned with sea-green weeds,
Sea-blossoms peeped from out her hair;
Long ropes of pearls were round her waist;
And oh! her face was young and fair.

She held her white arms out, and smiled;
Then whispered, "Come and live with me."
But I awoke and found myself
Alone beside the summer sea.

Dream Days

I LAY in the meadow one summer day,
Hot from the sun, and tired of play;
And I watched the blue of the sky o'erhead,
As I stretched my legs on my grassy bed.

A lark sang high in the sun-kissed air,
There were poppies and daisies everywhere;
Away to the left was a field of corn
Heavy with bread that was yet unborn.

I saw through the shoots of the waving grass
A field-mouse peep ere he tried to pass;
Then he looked at me with his wee, bright eyes,
And spoke—I listened without surprise.

"Come with me where the corn amid
My nest from the owl and hawk is hid;
Where the swaying corn, when the wind is high,
Makes for my babes a lullaby.

"Come follow, and I will show you where
My cousin has fashioned his dainty lair,
Away from the wind, and rain, and heat,
Under the ground secure, and neat.

"And I will show you where I have stored
Safely away my winter hoard;
That I and my babes, when the snow lies deep,
May feel no cold through our long, long sleep."

I rose to follow my tiny guide,
And woke . . . there was no one at my side;
The voice that had brought my dream to pass
Was the wind as it whispered through the grass.

The Hurdy-Gurdy

By Herbert E. Palmer

I've missed it for days now,—days;
Missed it, though no one save I
In this fourth-floor dwelling, far over the trafficking ways,
Will long for its quavering colourless music and cry
For the organ-grinder, who grinds in the street—always.

It is not the one that jangles and hammers an air
Like some capering, wrangling spirit of rhyme gone mad,
But the olden kind you could heave up the twisting stair,
The olden kind that hopped on a wooden leg,
With the frolicking monkey that clutched at the nuts you had,
And curtsied, and lifted his cap, and shammed to beg.

I've missed it for days now,—days;
And the rhymes run no more in my head, and nothing will raise
The song in my brain; not even the music of lyres
That were forged in the workshops of toil and fashioned in dreams,
Fine threaded with chords of silver and twisting wires
Of bards who up there in a row near my window-sill,
Where the sunlight of morning glimmers and shifts and gleams,
Tarnish and fade in their decked-out covers at will.

I know that nor Schumann nor Schubert are captured within
That mean, shabby box with its green baize turning to grey;
No intimate museful murmur of angel songs,
But "The Man from Monaco," perhaps, for the monkey's grin,

—And a dance for the poor little feet that are often away
Out of the dingy streets and the sunless lanes to the throngs
That stand and listen, and shuffle, and listen always
To the organ-grinder, who grinds, and grinds, in the din.

I've missed it for days now,—days,
I, who have toiled for a poet's pittance of praise,
For guineas and smiles, so fickle and hard to win.
But a poor man comes from a cobwebbed room in the slums
Who has touched some hearts, who has won his portion of fame.
("Mad Harry," the 'busmen say, "who stands and plays.")
Oh, more to the waifs of the street than a largess of bread
Are the ditties not woven, I know, for sensitive drums,
Are the songs never sung down the shimmering ways I came,
Never heard in the halls where Beauty and Culture wed!

How often I've envied that old man under the eaves
As he ground out a tune that gladdens the spirit or grieves;
For always the people came round and listened a space.
And sometimes I thought of their sunless dwellings of pain
Where never may enter a song which the poet weaves
To bring back the ghost of old joy to the heart again
Or banish the gloom that ages some poor pinched face.

I've missed it for days now,—days!
Strange how I love it,—that cripple of faded baize
That somehow plays to my heart and fashions my songs!
While the baby feet that trip to its time in the street
Just there at the edge of the idling, gaping throngs
When the rain is away and the sunlight scatters its beams,
Or a cool wind shatters the somnolent swathes of heat,
Patter it seems to me to a wonderful air
Fallen out of the floor of Heaven and down through the stair
That leads up away to the city of God—and dreams.

But, hark! And see; what's that where the pale light gleams?
What's that at the corner there where the slow throng streams?

A pinafore-flutter, and bonnets and hats awry!
The bell of the school has tolled, the children pass;
The organ-man in the middle!—"Huzzah!" cry I,
"Huzzah!" and down goes a penny into the mass:
And he lifts up his withered old face as the monkey bows;
And he smiles, and catches the handle; and quivering, vows
I'm a gentleman born, and the only one in the town.
Oh, his brown eyes laugh as the monkey ogles with glee!
And I open the window wide; then sit me down.
"*Grind, grind, old fellow! And I'll grind after thee!*"

John Milton

By Henry Newbolt

It may be thought that enough has been written upon Milton, that the impulse to add one more stone to the immense cairn of criticism which has been piled up during these last two centuries could only spring from self-conceit or ignorance. Such an objection would, I think, be removed by a reconsideration of the nature of criticism and of poetry itself. A piece of criticism may be a work of art; it may have in a high degree the power of expressing the feeling of the writer and communicating it to those who read; in that case it will possess an independent and possibly a lasting value. But as a verdict or judgment it can have no finality; criticism, in this sense, is for an age, not for all time. It has been said that every generation needs its own translation of Homer, and the reason is evident. The language of our ancestors, even of our less remote ancestors, is for all finer purposes a foreign language to us, and to view the world of Homer in such a medium would be to see it through two veils instead of one. Still more necessary is it that *criticism* should speak to us in our own tongue; so only can we arrive at our own understanding of the poets and make our own estimate of them. Moreover, we cannot rely here on tradition: what we seek in poetry is not to be got at second-hand or by inheritance—if we cannot hear with our own ears, it matters little what our fathers have declared unto us. Milton, a name to resound for ages, may be an item in the index of history or the roll of national pride, but if he is only a name, if his greatness is only to be taken on trust, he is no longer part of our poetical life.

We may go further: we may say that not only does the feeling, the taste, the point of view of one generation differ inevitably from that of another, but the very subjects of criticism are themselves changed with the passing of time. The poem which we read to-day may no longer be

the same in substance as that which our predecessors read under the same title, for we do not inhabit the same world with them. What to them were facts, solid facts of earth, are to us fairy-tales; and many of our facts would have been fairy-tales to them. It was possible for Addison to remark that *Paradise Lost*, by the nature of its subject, has the advantage of every other poem in being universally and perpetually interesting; because, he says, "all mankind will through all ages bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves." It was possible, less than forty years ago, for this saying still to be quoted with approval. But to a generation which does not number Adam and Eve among its ancestors, or derive from their story any of its ideas of good and evil, the poem, if it is to be interesting, must have some interest more deserving of the epithet "perpetual." For us the very word itself is no longer the right word; the immortality of great poetry is not an unbroken, constant, changeless state of being. It is rather a life incessantly renewed, a spirit incessantly revealed under fresh aspects, a dawn which can never be twice the same because it brings every day new fire to a new world of human feeling.

We may be said, then, to be looking to-day upon a Milton whom no one has yet seen, and we must be careful to look with clear eyes and unspoiled sensibility. Moreover, we must limit the range of our inquiry. The poems before us are no doubt part of our national inheritance; they are works of world-wide fame; they derive their form from great literary ancestors like Homer, Euripides, and Virgil, and some of their minor features from more recent ones such as Spenser, Shakespere, and Cowley: they occupy an important place in the evolution of English verse; they contain a great argument or theological system, displayed with infinite skill of craftsmanship, and they illustrate a code of morals at once rigid and rebellious. Finally, they are a mass of learning and information, and upon them has been heaped up a still greater mass of the same, whether in the shape of controversy, commentary, or word by word annotation. But all these aspects are merely incidental, and with them we have very little concern. They may call for a moment's attention now and again, when we cannot

avoid seeing them from the direct line of our search. The search itself has but one object—to discover John Milton in his poetry, to share with him the native land of his spirit, and to follow him into the vast solitude which he created for his own torment. The scene we are to witness is unsurpassed for beauty and for sadness: it is the deepest tragedy in the Book of the Poets—the tragedy of a lost Paradise.

It has been held by some, and denied by others, that a man's poetical work should be or could be independent of the events of his life. Commonly enough, while a poet is still living the public know little of him beyond his books, and what they do know is apt to seem irrelevant or incomplete. The ascertainable facts are not all recorded in the poems—it was difficult to trace a connection between Keats' study of surgery and the production of *Endymion*. On the other hand, the poetical record may exist and the fact remain concealed—no inquiry has yet determined what event in Byron's life was the cause of Manfred's remorse. We may, I think, solve the difficulty by giving a wider meaning to the word "event." It is certain that what makes the poet's life makes his poetry. An event is not necessarily something visible to the outside observer, nor even something definitely and immediately present to a man's own consciousness. The rise of an emotion may be as imperceptible as the rise of the tide. Yet the thing has happened: the change has passed upon the soul, has perhaps even left a mark upon the shore of Time. In Milton's life there were no doubt events of both kinds, the visible and the invisible, but for the most part the connection between the outward and the inner life is traceable with unusual clearness.

John Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on December 9th, 1608. His father, who was a prosperous scrivener, and a man of good family and education, was proud of him, and gave him as soon as possible every chance of overworking himself. From the age of twelve the boy read the classics regularly until midnight, to the lasting injury of his eyes. At fifteen he went to St. Paul's School; at sixteen to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he remained seven years in all. His intention throughout was to take Orders in the Church of England.

There can be no doubt that as a boy and as a young

man he was both happy himself and the cause of happiness in others. His parents seem to have treated him with easy generosity and confidence; he was on good terms with his brother and sister; he was distinguished among his contemporaries for his talent and his personal beauty. But these are only favourable circumstances: of the happiness of his temperament there is positive evidence in his own hand. His Latin poems, for the obvious reason, too often escape attention. There is not much poetry in them, but there is information both valuable and entertaining. From the first of the Elegies, written to his friend Diodati when he was eighteen, we gather that he had been rusticated from the University for a time, and was neither sorry nor ashamed. He could not stand being flogged, and then the bare, treeless fields of Cambridge were so uncongenial to a poet. If home was exile, then exile was what he preferred; he was thoroughly enjoying it. He was devoting himself to his reading; when he tired of that there was the theatre, on the joys of which he dwells enthusiastically, and the ladies. The ladies, troops of them! Oh! their bright eyes, their white necks, their brows, their wavy hair—the golden nets of love! The maids of Britain come first in fame—happy London to hold the beauty of the world within her walls!

Elegy VII., dated the following year, tells the story of his first love. He had constantly scorned Love and all his arrows; had, in fact, told him to go and shoot doves or sparrows. But on May morning, when the crowd of brilliant young goddesses were going to and fro between town and country, he too went out, and looked, and met their looks. One of them he marked as beautiful above the rest—she might have been Venus, or indeed Juno either. Cupid remembered his old score and shot a volley: madness such as he had never known entered the young man's heart, he burned inwardly with love, he was all fire. But she—the only woman in the world for him—she went away, and he never saw her again. Half of him went with her, half remained to grieve—if he could only see her beloved face just once more! He prayed to be cured, and yet not to be cured, of his madness; he discovered that there is something sweet in lover's woe. Meanwhile he neglected his work, till the University (no longer treeless) called him back and taught him better.

Elegy VI. is some months later. Diodati had written in December, giving the winter festivities as his excuse for sending inferior verses. Milton replies with a long and learned but decidedly spirited argument: there is no ground, he says, for supposing festivity, and especially drinking, to be unfavourable to poetry. Where there is wine, music, and dancing, there you will find Phœbus slipping quietly in—into your heart and the ladies' eyes and the musicians' fingers. That is, for the elegiac poet: the martial or heroic must be abstemious—Homer made a slender meal and drank water. Then in ten lines of surpassing interest Milton tells his friend what *he* is doing with his Christmas. He has been writing the Ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity. His account of the poem he compresses into three couplets, speaking of the Son of Heaven's eternal King, our great redemption and perpetual peace, of majesty laid aside and the Infant God wailing in a rude manger, of the spangled host and the Angel quire, and of the old-world gods driven suddenly from their temples dim. This Ode, he says, was his birthday gift, offered at the first dawn of light:—

> "See how from far upon the eastern road
> The star-led wisards haste with odours sweet;
> O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
> And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
> Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
> And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
> From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire."

The English stanza is, of course, incomparable, if only for the intensity of the imagination by which the poet's own eagerness makes the Wise Men his contemporaries and so brings the whole story into the living present. But those brief and formal Latin verses have also something of their own: if translated into prose and cast in the more ordinary form of a letter, they would still be remarkable for their unconscious simplicity. They show that the piety of Milton's youth, however uninquiring, and his imagination, however unearthly, are not in any way affected or self-conscious or sentimental; they can be uttered in high sounding verse or in a familiar epistle to a friend, with equal sincerity. And I think this much may be said of nearly all Milton's early work, whether in Latin or English: it is not for the most part very good poetry, because it has little

experience behind it, but what it does express is the real man, the Milton of that period. It shows us clearly enough a gentle and sociable youth, a lover of music, gaiety, women, books, plays, and country pleasures: at the same time studious, religious, and high-minded: a temperament exceptionally happy, but not in any other way extraordinary. His powers do not seem to promise either deep philosophy or poetical innovation—his creed and his style are both conventional, accepted uncritically from the hands of the past. But if this is true of most of these poems, there is one of which it is not true, not the whole truth. Even now, at twenty-one, in this same Ode on the Nativity, Milton shows himself to be possessed of that gift of natural magic which takes common words, and suddenly in some way beyond explanation makes of them a strange and memorable picture, a strange and haunting melody, an irradiation, an enchantment. Sometimes the effect seems to be produced by an almost freakish beauty of imagination, as where "the sun in bed, curtain'd with cloudy red, Pillows his chin upon an orient wave . . . And the yellow-skirted Fayes Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze," or where the Star hangs fixed over Bethlehem, "And all about the courtly stable Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable"—a picture only to be paralleled by the work of Botticelli or Fra Angelico. Sometimes it seems to be a beauty of sound:—

> "The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
> From haunted spring, and dale
> Edged with poplar pale
> The parting genius is with sighing sent."

But it is not only image or sound, nor is it the thought that moves us here, for a kind of intoxication of delight is produced even before the sense can penetrate the consciousness: it is a power inexplicably hidden in the words themselves and called forth by their arrangement in a magical order. I say hidden, because the effect often appears to be quite independent of any richness in the words if taken singly and apart from their context. The barest and simplest of all these stanzas is one of the most beautiful:—

"The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep."

What is it that is here hidden in the words? What can it be but the personal touch of the poet himself, the peculiar voice or vision or gesture which is his own and by which he communicates to us the exultation, the solemnity, the tenderness of his spirit? For those to whom this means nothing, for those who judge by an external standard, the poem may be full of faults. Johnson deals severely with all Milton's early poems, including this ode. "They have," he says, "a cast original and unborrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence: if they differ from verses of others, they differ for the worse, for they are too often distinguished by repulsive harshness: the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing." Probably to modern lovers of poetry this criticism will seem to need no refutation: it will be enough to record that what pleased Milton's ear was harsh to Johnson's, and that in the latter's opinion Milton's poetry would have been better if it had been less Miltonic and more in accord with the Johnsonian ideal. Elsewhere Johnson does admit, incidentally, that a poem has something besides form: it contains "sentiments." But sentiments are apparently almost extraneous things; as with opinions, a man may have them or not have them, feel them or not feel them; the idea that they are a living and inseparable part of the man, the idea that a poem is the expression of the poet's intuition, is continually ignored or negatived in Johnson's criticism, favourable or unfavourable. Of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, poems of the period immediately following, he says that "opinion is uniform; every man that reads them reads them with pleasure.". But for him their merit lies first in the author's design, which is "to show how among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified"; and, secondly, in the skill with which "the images are properly selected and nicely distinguished." If

we were looking for "merit," we might perhaps agree with this; if we ask rather what is the value of these poems for us, we shall be more likely to find it in their revelation of Milton's personality and in the direct contact by which they enable us to share the activity of his spirit, in two contrasted moods, the sanguine and the reflective. These two moods are not, as Johnson thought, moods belonging to two different characters, moods of "the cheerful man" and "the pensive man"; they are two different sides of the same man, and that man is first John Milton and afterwards every one of us. Few will find it easy to decide which of the two poems they prefer. *L'Allegro*, I think, has the happier beginning, and its landscape has the everlasting freshness of morning:—

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night, . . .

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

If I dared to be as rash as Addison, I would say that this poem has for Englishmen the advantage of all others in being universally and perpetually interesting; for we shall through all ages bear the same relation to the sights and sounds and actions which make up the life it pictures and cause the pleasure it expresses.

There are other lines in *L'Allegro* significant for our present purpose—those which speak of the fairies and goblins of rustic folk-lore, or of scenes of chivalry,

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize——"

Or again of the joys of weddings and masks and pageants, and finally of the well-trod stage of Comedy, and of music and song. From *Il Penseroso* it appears that Milton's taste in modern tragedy was more fastidious; but he again makes music the climax of his pleasures. This time it is religious music, in its most romantic and ceremonial setting:—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

"All heav'n" is a vague expression, perhaps too vague for such poetry, but it could not be more significant. For Milton, in these years of his happiness, his ears and eyes were the gateways of heaven; religion was an ecstasy and not an argument. The poem is all of a piece; its delights are æsthetic and scarcely intellectual at all, except under an æsthetic aspect. The Cherub Contemplation is only named to be set aside for the nightingale or the moonlit garden: and if the poet's Lamp "at midnight hour Be seen in some high lonely tower," it is not for the sake of science or scientific philosophy, but that he may speculate with romantic curiosity

"What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

So with Literature—the poetry of the Greeks, the poetry of *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Faerie Queen*—their value is for Milton a subjective value; they exist and are enumerated as pleasures in a list where they stand next to the delights of a summer noon under archèd walks of twilight groves and shadows brown, or in a covert by the

brookside, with mysterious dreams and fairy music; or the joys of a spring dawn whether rising in wind and cloud,

> "Or usher'd with a shower still,
> When the gust hath blown his fill,
> Ending on the rustling leaves,
> With minute drops from off the eaves."

In a word, the mood of *Il Penseroso* is no less perfectly sensuous than that of *L'Allegro*.

These two poems are undated, and were not published till 1645, but it is generally agreed that they are the earliest written by Milton after he left Cambridge in 1632. He was now living at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had bought a property. His intention to take Orders had not yet been abandoned; his delay he explained to a reproachful friend by saying that he was "not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit." In the meantime, he was writing poetry and keeping good company. The little mask *Arcades*, written for the family of his neighbour, the Dowager Countess of Derby, was followed by the much more elaborate one now called by the name of *Comus*. This was presented at the Michaelmas festivities at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the President of Wales, John Earl of Bridgewater, who had married Lady Derby's daughter. The plot was founded upon a forest adventure of Lord Bridgewater's children, and the piece was acted by them. These circumstances, and the influence of Edmund Spenser, are sufficient to account for the conventional tone of its morality, which is ingenuously bald and confiding. But the best of the argument is on the other side; many among the noble audience, and many more among the Cavaliers of a later day, must have applauded from their hearts those two speeches of the Enchanter, in which he inveighs against the foolishness of men who praise "the lean and sallow Abstinence":—

> "Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
> With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
> Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
> Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
> But all to please and sate the curious taste?
> And set to work millions of spinning worms,
> That in their green shops weave the smooth hair'd silk
> To deck her sons; and that no corner might
> Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
> She hutch'd th' all-worshipped ore, and precious gems,
> To store her children with; if all the world

Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons."

To argue that this is not sincere, or that its sincerity is merely dramatic, that it is only introduced as a foil to the moralistic doctrine of the piece, would be to ignore the literary and social history of the time. *Comus* was the most distinguished product of an anti-Puritan reaction. It was one of a number of Masks put forth in the more cultivated society of the day by way of counterblast to Prynne's *Histriomastix*, an incoherent but very vituperative pamphlet published in the previous year against the amusements of the upper classes, such as music, cards, hunting, maypoles, Christmas decorations, and, above all, against the stage. Milton when he wrote *Comus* was true to his past, not to his future: his sincerity was engaged on the side of liberal manners. The doctrine of the magical power of chastity against ruffians and enchanters was a high-flown commonplace borrowed from the Elizabethans, and was no doubt considered by the Bridgewaters as very suitable for their young people to represent. But their real feeling, the feeling of all civilised societies about the full use of earth's natural resources, was no doubt Milton's feeling also, uttered by him with more complete conviction and received by them with more genuine applause.

I cannot leave *Comus* without remarking that the lyrics and lyrical passages contained in it show once more that magical quality with which Milton had the power of endowing words:—

"Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine,
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire. . . .
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas with all their finny drove
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move:
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves."

Was ever witchery more irresistible? It needed all Milton's own enchantments to undo it; no, even he could not undo it, he could only match it with an invocation so lovely that under it all senses lose their reality, except that unnamed inward sense by which the spirit is reached more quickly than the brain:—

> "Sabrina fair,
> Listen where thou art sitting
> Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
> In twisted braids of lilies knitting
> The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
> Listen for dear honour's sake,
> Goddess of the silver lake,
> Listen and save.

It is difficult to understand how a poet gifted with such a power as this could be content to forgo its use for long periods of time. Yet between *Comus* and *Lycidas* three silent years passed. No conjecture can shorten this interval, because the event which called forth the *Monody*—the death of Milton's fellow-student, Edward King, of Christ's—did not occur until 1637. But the power when it does reappear is as inexplicable as ever, and more sustained; *Lycidas* is a spell woven almost entirely of magical words. It is a poem most difficult to quote from without quoting it all: there are here no hesitations, no flatnesses—every strophe will have its ardent partisans. But it is better to read than to praise it: for the passion for beauty and the passion for right which burn in it need no description to a lover of poetry, while to a prosaic mind they would be ineffective in any case. Among the most beautiful and typical passages is this:—

> "Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
> Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
> We drove a-field, and both together heard
> What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
> Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night."

Yet these are the very first lines selected by Johnson for censure. "We know," he says, "that they never drove a-field, and that they had no flocks to batten." It is very true: in the Johnsonian world they did not, and the real Miltonic world Johnson could not enter. If he had reached it in some impossible moment when his common sense was off guard, he would have found there, without "disgust" and

even without surprise, a transfiguration of life which includes in one and the same vision two young Cambridge men and their tutor, rough Satyrs and Fauns with cloven heel, Nymphs, Druids, Bacchanals, Furies, the pure eyes And perfect witness of all-judging Jove, fountain Arethuse, the herald of the sea, Camus, reverend sire, the pilot of the Galilean lake, the great vision of the guarded Mount, and the Sicilian Muse calling to the vales for the flowers that had been first gathered by Ophelia and by Perdita :—

> "Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
> Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
> To strow the laureate herse where Lycid lies."

For us who are trying, with at any rate more goodwill than Johnson, to follow and find Milton in his own world, there is one note in Lycidas which we have never caught before. The dread voice that for a moment shrunk the streams is the voice of no mitred saint, but of an indignant patriot. Even in his Sicilian dreamland Milton could not but hear and answer the trumpets that in the world below were already calling to war. There is nothing to wonder at in this : to an impartial spectator looking back from this distance of time it is only astonishing that Laud's methods should have failed to anger any even of those who shared the tenets of his faith. Milton, as I think his poems have told us unmistakably, was no Puritan born : his sense of beauty and his religious instinct were naturally at one ; his practice and his whole training had been in the direct line of conformity. What is really astonishing here is not that he took the side of the Puritans, but that in so doing he became a new man, a contentious, bitter, and unrestrained partisan ; his whole nature was overturned as by a revolution. We are tempted to read back the Milton of 1667 into the Milton of 1637 ; but we do it in defiance of the evidence. The hard, argumentative, and revengeful character of the older man seems to have had no root in the happy temperament of the youth : what has happened, if

we examine it closely, resembles a chemical reaction rather than a process of organic development.*

Let us trace very briefly the course of Milton's life from the year of *Lycidas* to the year of *Paradise Lost*. In 1638 his mother died, and he left home for a foreign tour. In fifteenth months he visited Paris, Florence, Siena, Rome, Naples, Rome and Florence again, Lucca, Venice, and Geneva. He was received with distinction by doctors, poets, noblemen, and Cardinals, in spite of his not very reticent Protestantism; he talked with Grotius and Galileo; he made a considerable collection of books, and wrote love sonnets to a beautiful Roman singer. The political crisis at home is given as the cause of his return. But in the following year—1640—he began to earn his living by taking pupils at a house in Aldersgate Street, and it is certain that his ambition at this time was poetical—he intended to write a great national epic upon the story of King Arthur and the Round Table. By the following year this dream had faded into the light of common day. In 1641 he published the tract on Reformation, a fierce attack on Bishops and ceremonies, of which the concluding words are a prophecy that his opponents, "after a shameful end in this life (which God grant them), shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of Hell, where under the despiteful control, the triumph and spurn of all the other Damned, that in the anguish of their torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyranny over them as their Slaves and Negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lower-most, the most dejected, most underfoot and down-trodden Vassals of Perdition." Four other tracts followed closely upon this: two of them in defence of the anti-Prelatical writers known collectively as Smectymnuus. These pamphlets are interesting

* One of the chemical elements was no doubt the anti-Romanism early instilled into Milton by his father. In the Latin Ode on the Fifth of November (written before he was eighteen) this is expressed fully, but conventionally, and without any of the savage contempt that long afterwards invented the Paradise of Fools. The poem has a greater interest as containing the first sketch of the fallen Archangel, *æthereo vagus Exul Olympo*:—

"So far he spoke: at last on pitchy vans
He swims the liquid air: whither he flies
Foul winds before him run, clouds gather dense
And frequent thunders flash."

for their autobiographical details, but their tone is quarrelsome, coarse, and egotistic.

In 1642 the Civil War broke out, and went for some time in favour of the King. At Whitsuntide, 1643, just before the tide turned, Milton married Mary Powel, the daughter of an Oxfordshire Cavalier and country gentleman. A month afterwards she went to her relations on the pretext of a visit, and refused to return to her husband. Milton at once wrote four tracts on Divorce: three of them are sober enough in language, though extreme in doctrine, but the fourth, being for the chastisement of a writer who had dared to answer him, is full of abuse that would disgrace a schoolboy. His opponent's arguments are "filth and venom," when they are not something worse; the last of them is "a concluding taste of his Jabberment in law, the flashiest and fustiest that ever corrupted in such an unswill'd Hogshead."

In 1645 Milton published a collection of his poems and the famous "Areopagitica, a speech for the liberty of unlicens'd printing." In the same year he was reconciled to his wife. In 1647 he revolted against the Presbyterians, and afterwards wrote in support of the Independents. After the King's execution in 1649 he published four more tracts, the first of which was an answer to the *Eikon Basilike*, and the last *A Defence of the People of England*, in which he overwhelms his adversary Salmasius with the last extremity of discourteous and obscene contempt. It was for this service that the Parliament gave him a present of £1,000, as well as the post of Latin Secretary; but the effort finally destroyed his sight. In 1655 he prepared himself to write *Paradise Lost*, and in 1657 he began it.

On this famous poem almost everyone is ready to give an orthodox opinion, but very few are willing to speak or even to think of it with candour. In my own youth I read it with pleasure—a pleasure due partly to the passages of poetry in it, partly to the story, but more largely I think to the relation of its form and style to the masterpieces of antiquity. Mark Pattison, who felt the same kind of satisfaction in a higher degree, spoke of it as "one of the rewards of scholarship." As a work of art I have in later years studied the poem more seriously; at the present moment I admire it as sincerely as it can be admired on this

side idolatry—that is, without bias from tradition, from scholastic associations, or from theological sympathies. Its many beauties, the greatness of the personality which is expressed in it, and the immense range of the powers employed, make it a fit subject for a long and detailed examination. But for this there is no room in a study where it is regarded simply as a manifestation of Milton's spirit, an important and prolonged, but still a single manifestation. A very brief note will be sufficient here if it indicates the nature of the criticism to be applied by any lover of poetry who may be persuaded to read this poem at leisure.

Two views have been held of the writing of *Paradise Lost*: it is to be feared that the common one is also the one which must be attributed to Milton. He had for years prepared himself with a high intention of dedicating his powers to his country's service; he relied, too, on inspiration from "that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallow'd fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." But there must be other resources too: among them "industrious and select reading" and "Steddy Observation." We shall probably do him no injustice if we understand him to have held, like most of his countrymen since, that his poem is a great piece of work external to himself, performed by the application of his intellect, with devotion, with skill, and with taste. He would certainly have disagreed with the modern view, the scientific view, that it is the expression of the whole man's spiritual activity, conscious and intellectual, unconscious and æsthetic, and that its artistic value arises not from the first but the second of these activities.

Johnson, of course, was at one with Milton here. "Epick poetry," he says, "undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts." He goes on to enumerate the faculties necessary, and the processes in which they must be employed: dramatic energy, skill in diversification, morality, policy, physiology, delicacy of language, metrical moderation, and so forth. In all of these he shows that Milton excelled. Moreover, "the substance of the narrative is truth." And how does he sum up the result? "*Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up

again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure."

I believe that this is, openly or secretly, the feeling of ninety-nine out of a hundred educated people to-day. It is the natural consequence of a false æsthetic: it is the feeling expressed in the presence of all great art by the weary, dutiful, unintelligent formula, "Ah! very fine." It is time, I think, for the comfort of the large company of martyrs to say frankly that *Paradise Lost* is not "very fine" in the sense in which they suppose it to be so. Its greatness does not lie in its greatness: looked at from Johnson's point of view, from Milton's own point of view, it is a colossal failure. Sir Walter Raleigh, the most acute as well as the wittiest of modern critics, has perfectly exhibited its intellectual absurdities, its essentially political purpose, and its entire lack of religion. He is equally convincing when he praises it for its poetry and its interest as a revelation of personality. But when he denies that the badness of the plot and machinery is the main cause of its failure to hold the ordinary reader, I think that he is out of touch with modern poetical feeling. We ask of the poet to-day that he shall make for us a new world out of the fragments of earth; we cannot accept from him a sham world peopled with phantoms from Nowhere. There are but two or three great epics known to us, and *Paradise Lost* is not among them. William Morris in his *Sagas*, like Homer in his *Iliad*, has so drawn human life that we see it to be greater than we knew; Milton has so drawn angelic life that we find it more absurd than we could have imagined it.

But the interest and the beauty are there if we will only look for them. In those ten years when the poet sat in darkness dictating his laborious and indefensible argument, a spirit that he never thought of sat inseparably with him and wrote poetry into all his prosing. Much of it was fierce, tragic stuff—drawn from memories, hardly conscious, of the days of wedded misery, the days of bitter oppression, the days of pride and contention and cursing. Even in this there was beauty, the beauty of passion and courage beating their naked hands against the strongholds of evil, and there was always the perfection of self-expression. But there is also again and again an echo of the

former magic, a tone still vibrating with the happiness of the youth that died so quickly after Lycidas:—

> "Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad:
> Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
> She all night long her amorous descant sung;
> Silence was pleas'd: now glowed the firmament
> With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
> The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
> Rising in clouded majesty, at length
> Apparent queen unvail'd her peerless light,
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

It would be comforting to end with this, but it would be falsifying Milton's record. He lived to see the Restoration, and to revolt against the manners of a nation escaping not too decorously from unnatural repression. He lived to write a poem greater and more perfect than *Paradise Lost*. In *Samson Agonistes* he surveyed his own life: with none of the old careless magic, and with more bitterness than ever, but also with a far loftier and more unfaltering dignity, he pictured the death of the blind giant, betrayed by his own wife, mocked and degraded by his Philistine enemies, enduring to the last for the sake of dominance and revenge. The hot blood of fierce personal passion runs through this play as it runs through no other. The pain is incomparable, because there is for us a tragedy beyond the tragedy. The Chorus find in Samson's vindictive end nothing but peace and consolation: a peace and consolation which Milton never found himself, and which we cannot but see to be the most hopeless and least worthy of all aspirations. Then comes the still more painful recollection that this doctrine of the supreme consolation of revenge is the last word not only of a barbarian from the Book of Judges, but of the young and beloved shepherd who once sang to the oaks and rills,

> "While the still morn went out with sandals gray."

The Correspondence of Friedrich Nietzsche with Georg Brandes

Authorised Translation by Beatrice Marshall

LETTER VII.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, *March 7th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

You are revelling, I expect, in beautiful spring weather, while up here we have had abominable snow-storms, and have been cut off from Europe for several days. What is more, I lectured to-night to some hundred more or less imbecile human beings.

Things look grey and sad around me. A little to refresh my mind, I sit down to thank you for your letter of Feb. 19th and the precious present of books.

I sent you, as I was too busy to write, a volume on German Romanticism which I found in my cupboard. But I do not wish you to think that my sending it is meant for anything else than a silent expression of thanks. The book was written in 1873 and revised in 1886, but my German publisher took upon himself to make no end of linguistic and other alterations, so that, for instance, the opening pages are hardly mine at all. In every place where he failed to understand or agree with my opinion he substituted something else on the plea that what I had written was not German. Besides this, the man promised to buy the rights of the old translation of my book, yet from quite incomprehensible reasons he has not done it; the consequence is that in two instances my book has been suppressed by the German authorities on the ground of its being piracy (!) and of my having used bits of the old translation, whereas the actual pirate of my work is allowed to sell it scot-free!

The result will be, in all probability, that I shall eventually withdraw altogether from contributing to German literature.

I sent you the volume because I had not another to send. But the first on the Emigrants, the fourth on the English, and the fifth on the French Romanticists are far better, having been written *con amore*. The title of the book *Modern Minds* is an accident. I have written some twenty volumes. I wanted to arrange a selection for abroad on well-known personalities, and thus it came into being. A good deal in it cost me much

study; for instance, the essay on Tegnér, which is the first true account of him. Ibsen as a personality will be sure to interest you. He is unfortunately not as a man equal to what he is as a poet. In thought he was much influenced by Kierkegaard, and has remained saturated with theology. Björnson in his last phase has become a mere vulgar lay-preacher. I have not published any book for more than three years. I have been too unhappy. These three years have been the hardest of my life, and I see no sign of things becoming more cheerful in the future. Yet I now intend to start the sixth volume of my *Main Currents*, and also to publish another book. It will take much time. I have taken hearty delight in all the fresh books from you, and have dipped into them and read here and there. Your youthful productions are of great value to me; they make everything much easier to understand. I can now climb comfortably the stairs that lead up to the tower of your intellect. I began too precipitately with *Zarathustra*. I would rather ascend steadily and slowly than plunge headlong as into a sea. The essay by Hillebrand I knew, and I had also read some years ago bitter attacks on your book on Strauss. I am grateful to you for the phrase "Culture-philistine." I had no notion that it originated with you. I do not take umbrage at your scarifying criticism of Strauss, though I cherish a pious regard for the old gentleman. He was and always remained the pupil of the Tübingen clerical college. Of the other works I have till now only properly and carefully studied *Dawn of Day*. I feel that I understand the book perfectly. Many of the thoughts have been my own; others are new to me, or cast in a new form, which, however, does not estrange me from them. That this letter may not be too long, I will only touch on one more point. I delight in the aphorisms on p. 150 concerning the accident of marriage. But why do you not dig much deeper? In another place you even speak with a certain respect of marriage which, through presupposing an ideal of emotional nature, has idealised sentiment. Here you are certainly bolder and stronger. But why not once for all speak the whole truth about it? I am of opinion that the institution of marriage, which might have been very useful as a muzzle for the passion of monsters, has caused more distress and misery among ordinary mankind than the Church itself. Church, monarchy, property, marriage, are the four old, time-honoured institutions which humanity must reform root and branch in order to be able to breathe freely. And alone of these marriage kills individuality, paralyses freedom, and is a paradox incarnate. The awful part of it is that humanity is as yet too barbarous to be able to do without it. Authors of the so-called emancipated and advanced type still continue to speak of marriage with a mien of hearty devotion that enrages me. And, after all, they are in

the right, for it is impossible to say what can be set up in its place for the rabble. Nothing is to be done but slowly to reverse public opinion. What do you think? I should very much like to know how your eyes are. I was glad to see your handwriting so strong and clear. Is your life, externally at any rate, passing pretty peacefully down there in the south? Mine is a combat that consumes. I am still more detested in these climes than I was seventeen years ago. In itself, it is not a pleasant state of things, but there is this consolation to be derived from it, that it bears testimony to my being still militant, and in no point near to making my peace with mediocrity.

I am, your attentive and grateful reader,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER VIII.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

NICE, *March 27th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

I have wanted to thank you much sooner than this for so pregnant and thoughtful a letter as your last, but I have had trouble with my health, and have been grievously hindered in all good works. I may mention in passing that my eyes are the barometer of my general condition; after fluctuations, they have entered on a period of general progress and improvement, and have become more sound and lasting than I could ever have believed possible. Indeed, they have falsified the prophecies of the very best German oculists. If Gräfe, the celebrated specialist, *et hoc genus omne*, had been right, I should have been blind long ago. It is bad enough to have come to No. 3 spectacles, but I can still see. I refer to this misery because you were kind and sympathetic enough to ask after it, and because my eyes have been specially weak and irritable during the last few weeks. I pity you in your now more than usually drear and wintry North; how can a man contain his soul in such a climate! I admire nearly everyone who does not lose faith in himself under overcast, gloomy skies, not to speak of faith in "humanity," "marriage," "property," and the "State." In St. Petersburg I should be a Nihilist; here, I believe as a plant does, in the sun. The sun of Nice—there is really no prejudice about that. We have been enjoying him at the rest of Europe's cost. God allows the sun, with his customary cynicism, to shine on us idlers, "philosophers," and Greeks more beautifully than on the much worthier military heroes of the Fatherland!

You are driven with the true instincts of the Northerner to choose the strongest stimulant, by aid of which life in the North is made bearable. I mean war, an aggressive, Viking warfare. I discern in your writings the practised warrior, and not only is

it mediocrity that perpetually challenges you to come out and fight in the open, but perhaps, too, the peculiarities of the more independent and important representatives of the Northern mind. How much "parson," how much theology, is still concealed in all this idealism? I should mind more than gloomy skies being obliged to get exasperated over matters that did not a jot concern me.

So much for to-day, and it is little enough. Your German *Romantik* made me reflect how the whole of this movement has only reached its goal in music (Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber, Wagner, Brahms); as literature, it has remained nothing but a splendid promise. The French have been happier. I am afraid that I am too much of a musician not to be a romanticist. Life for me without music would be a blunder.

With hearty and grateful greetings, dear Sir,

Yours,

NIETZSCHE.

LETTER IX.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, *April 3rd*, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have called the post a medium for impertinent intrusion. As a rule, that is true enough; it ought also to be a *sat sapienti* that it should not be allowed to plague *you*. I am not by nature a pushing person. So much the reverse, indeed, that I live a nearly isolated life, seldom write letters, and write, as a rule, with reluctance, as do all authors.

But yesterday, when I had got your letter, and taken up one of your books, I was seized with a sudden spasm of anger to think that no one here in Scandinavia knew anything of you, and I resolved, at one stroke, to make you known. The enclosed little cutting from the newspaper will tell you that (having just finished a course of lectures on Russia) I am going to start a new series on your writings. For many years I have had to repeat my lectures because the University cannot hold the audiences; that will hardly happen this time, your name being so absolutely new, but those who will come to get an impression of your works will not, I promise you, be of the dullards.

As I am extremely anxious to know what you are like in appearance, I beg you to send me a portrait of yourself. I enclose my own latest photograph. Might I ask you, too, to write me a brief and succinct account of when and where you were born, in what years your books were published (or, better still, were written), for they are not dated? If you happen to have any papers by you in which these facts are stated you need not trouble to write them. I am a very unmethodical person, and

keep no encyclopædia of writers on my shelves, or any other book of reference in which I might find your name.

Your early writings, the "out of season" ones, have been of great use to me. How young you were, how full of enthusiasm, how candid and naïve! The works of your riper years are still in parts not clearly intelligible to me. They seem too often to generalise from quite intimate and personal data, giving the reader an exquisite casket without the key. But I understand the majority. I read with special enjoyment your youthful work on Schopenhauer, and although I owe personally little to Schopenhauer it struck me as being spoken from my soul.

I offer a few pedantic corrections. On p. 116 of *Joyful Wisdom* the words quoted are not the last of Chamfort's; they are given by himself in *Caractères et Anecdotes*. See conversation between M. D. and M. L. as an explanation of the saying, "*Peu de personnes et peu de choses m'intéressent, mais rien ne m'intéresse moins que moi.*" The end is "*. . . en vivant et en voyant les hommes il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronze.*" On p. 118 you speak of the sublime pinnacle on which Shakespeare places Cæsar. To me Shakespeare's Cæsar is pitiable, a piece of high treason. And what of the glorification of the wretched fellow who could find nothing better to do than thrust a knife into a great man?

In *Human, all too Human,* II., p. 59, you say: "It is the one sacred lie that has become famous." No, the last words of Desdemona are perhaps more beautiful and just as famous, constantly quoted in Germany at the time Jacobi was writing about Lessing. Is this not so?

These trivialities are cited merely to show you how attentively I read you. There are other matters, of course, which I should like to discuss with you, but this cannot be done by letter.

If you read Danish, I should be pleased to send you a charmingly-got-up little book on Holberg. Tell me if you understand our language. Should you by any chance read Swedish, I must bring to your notice Sweden's one genius, August Strindberg. When you write about women you are very like him.

Give me good news of your eyes.

Yours respectfully,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER X.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

TURIN, ITALY, *ferma in posta.*
April 10*th*, 1888.

This is indeed a surprise, my dear Sir! Where have you acquired the courage to be desirous of speaking in public on a *vir obscurissimus*? . . . Do you imagine for a moment that I am known at all in the dear Fatherland? It is there above all

places that I am regarded as something absurd and eccentric, something that is not wanted and need not be taken seriously. Presumably they scent that I do not take them seriously, and how could I in these days when German *Geist* has become a contradiction in terms?

I am much obliged to you for sending me your photograph. Unfortunately I am unable to return the compliment, my sister, who has married and gone to South America, having taken with her the last photographs of myself that I possessed.

I enclose, however, a little *Vita*, the first I have ever written. As to the dates of the separate books, they are given on the title-page flyleaf of *Beyond Good and Evil*. But you may have mislaid the leaf.

The Birth of Tragedy was composed between the summer of 1870 and the winter of 1871 (finished in Lugano when I was living with the family of the field-marshal Moltke).

The *Thoughts out of Season* between 1872 and the summer of 1875 (there were to have been thirteen of them, but health happily said "No.")

What you say about "Schopenhauer as a teacher" gives me infinite pleasure. That little performance serves the purpose of a distinguishing mark; he for whom it does not contain much that is personal has in all probability nothing in common with me. The whole scheme according to which I have ever since lived is drawn up in it. It is a rigorous foreshadowing.

Human, all too Human, with its two appendices, came into being in the summers of 1876—1879; *Dawn of Day* in 1880; *The Joyful Science*, January, 1882; *Zarathustra*, 1883 to 1885, each part written in about ten days in circumstances completely "inspired." Every sentence came to me while taking long walks in the open air, with such absolute sureness that it might have been shouted into my ear. Intense physical exuberance and elasticity accompanied the writing. *Beyond Good and Evil* occupied the summer of 1885 in the Upper Engadine and the following winter in Nice. Between the 10th and 30th of July, 1887, the idea of *The Genealogy of Morals* was caught, the work carried out, MS. completed, and sent to the printers in Leipzig. (There is, of course, besides, *Philologica* of mine, only that is of no interest to either you or me.)

I am now trying Turin, and shall be here till June 5th, when I go on to the Engadine. So far, I find it severely wintry and raw. But the town itself in its superb serenity appeals to my instincts. It has the most beautiful pavement in the world.

Hearty greetings from

Yours most gratefully,

NIETZSCHE.

Alas! I know neither Danish nor Swedish.

VITA (ENCLOSED).

I was born on the 15th of October, 1844, on the battlefield of Lützen. The first name I remember was that of Gustavus Adolphus. My ancestors were Poles belonging to the aristocracy (Niëzky). The type seems to be well preserved, in spite of three German mothers. Abroad I am generally taken for a Pole. In the visitors' list at Nice only this winter I was entered as a Pole. They tell me that my head is familiar in Matejko's pictures. My grandmother mixed in the Schiller-Goethe circles of Weimar; her brother succeeded Herder in the post of Weimar's General-Superintendent. It was my good fortune to be a pupil at the celebrated and historic Pforta School, where so many (Klopstock, Fichte, Schlegel, Ranke, &c.) who have added lustre to German literature preceded me. We had teachers who would have been (or have been) creditable to every University. I next studied in Bonn, later on at Leipzig, where the venerable Ritschl, at that time the premier philologist of Germany, singled me out for distinction from the first. At twenty-two years of age I was a contributor to the *Litterarisches Centralblatt* (edited by Zarncke). The founding of the Philological Society of Leipzig, which still exists, originated with me. In the winter of 1868–69 the University of Bâle offered me a professorial chair, before I had even been made doctor. Whereupon the Leipzig University did me the extraordinary honour of conferring on me the degree of Doctor without any examination or dissertation being required.

I stayed at Bâle from 1869 till 1879. It became necessary for me to give up my rights as a German subject, owing to the fact that as an officer in the Horse Artillery I was too often called out and disturbed in my academic duties.

Nevertheless, I understand the use at least of two weapons, sabre and cannon, and perhaps I know something about a third. All went smoothly at Bâle. It often happened at promotion examinations for the Doctorate that the examiner was younger than the examinee! A great advantage I enjoyed there was the genial relations existing between Jakob Burckhardt and myself; something quite unusual on the part of that hermit-like thinker, who lived a very retired life.

Another still more incalculable advantage was that from the beginning of my residence in Bâle a quite unusual intimacy sprang up between me and Richard and Cosima Wagner, who at that time were living on their country estate, Triebschen, on the lake of Lucerne, as much cut off from all their earlier connections as if they were on a desert island. For several years we shared every joy and sorrow; a friendship of unbounded confidence. You will find that in Wagner's collected works, Vol. VII., there is printed an epistle to me *àpropos* of the *Birth of*

Tragedy. My relations with them brought me in contact with a large circle of interesting men and women, in fact, the best society that moves between St. Petersburg and Paris. Towards 1876 my health began to decline. I spent a winter in Sorrento with my old friend Baroness Meysenbug (author of *Memoiren einer Idealistin*) and Dr. Reé, with whom I was then in sympathy. It did me no good. An exceedingly painful and stubborn form of headache set in that exhausted all my strength. As years went on it increased, and reached such a climax of habitual suffering that the year contained for me at that time two hundred days of torture. The cause of the malady must have been entirely local, as any kind of neuro-pathological grounds for it were absent. I never had the least sign of mental disturbance, no fever, no fainting. My pulse was the whole time as slow as the first Napoleon's (60). My speciality was to endure excruciating pain and *cru et vert* with an absolutely clear brain for two or three days on end, vomiting bile the whole time. A report got wind that I was in an asylum (indeed, that I had died there). Nothing could have been further from the truth. My mind did not really mature until this frightful time. Evidence of it is *Dawn of Day*, which I wrote in 1881 during a winter of unspeakable wretchedness in Genoa, beyond reach of doctors, friends, and relations. I composed the book with a minimum of health and strength, so it stands for a kind of *Dynamometer* of my powers. From 1882 onwards I progressed, even if slowly, towards recovery. The crisis was overcome (my father died young, at exactly the same age at which I myself was at death's door). Even to-day I have to be extremely careful; certain conditions, climatic and meteorological, are indispensable. It is not choice, but compulsion, which takes me every summer to the Upper Engadine and every winter to the Riviera.

Finally, this illness has been of the very greatest help to me; it has set me free; it has restored me the courage to be myself. My instincts are those of a brave, even of a military, beast. The prolonged struggle has slightly exasperated my pride of spirit. After all, am I a philosopher? But what does it matter?

LETTER XI.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, *April 29th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

The first time I lectured on your works the hall was not quite full, so few knowing at all who and what you are. But a leading newspaper reported my lecture, and I myself wrote an article on you, so that the next time there was hardly standing

room in the hall. Nearly three hundred listeners follow with the utmost attention my exposition of your philosophy. Still, I have not dared to repeat the lecture in this instance, as has been my custom for several years, because the theme is so far from popular. It is my hope in this manner to procure you some good readers in the North.

Your books, very beautifully bound, are now ranged in one of my book-cases. I should like to possess everything that you have published. When you offered me, in your first letter, a musical work which you had composed called *A Hymn to Life* I declined the gift out of modesty, feeling that I was not a very competent musician. Now I think that through my interest in it I may be deserving of the work, and shall be extremely indebted to you if you will kindly send it to me. I fancy that I may find a summary of the impression of my hearers in these words of a young painter: "All this is so interesting because it does not deal with books but with *life*." If there is anything that does not please in your ideas it is only that they sometimes put matters too much to extremes. It wasn't kind of you to send me no photograph; my only reason for sending you mine was to put you in my debt. It really is not much trouble to sit for a few minutes before a camera, and one knows a man better when one has some notion of his appearance.

Yours with devoted regards,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER XII.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

TURIN, *May 4th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

What you tell me causes me the greatest pleasure, and I must confess even more surprise. Be assured that I shall not forget it of you. You know that all hermits have retentive memories! Meanwhile, I hope my photograph has reached you. As a matter of course, I immediately took steps (not to get photographed exactly, for I entertain a profound mistrust of ordinary photographers), but to get someone who possesses a photograph of me to part with it! I may have succeeded, but I do not know for certain. In any case, I will seize the opportunity the next time I am in Munich—probably this autumn—to get myself done in effigy. The *Hymn to Life* shall start on its journey to Copenhagen one day soon. We philosophers appreciate nothing so much as to be mistaken for artists. Moreover, I am told by leading and competent judges that the hymn is in every way good for representation, and its performance would be certain of success. The praise which

pleases me most is that it is pronounced "pure in phrasing." Mottl, the distinguished Carlsruhe conductor (you know he conducted the Bayreuth festivals) has suggested giving a performance of it.

From Italy comes the news that my point of view in the second volume of *Thoughts Out of Season* was honoured by being very favourably alluded to in a *résumé* on the history of German literature by a Viennese *savant*, Dr. von Zackauer, who winds up his article with it in the Archivio Storico of Florence.

The last few weeks in Turin, where I shall be till June 5th, have been better than any I have had for years past. Above all, they have been more philosophic. Nearly every day I have for two hours reached such a point of energy that I have been able to review from an eminence my conception as a whole, all the enormous host of problems lying spread out at my feet in relief and clear in outline. Such a feat requires a maximum of strength which I scarcely dared hope ever would be mine again. Everything fits into its place, and for years has been tending in the right direction; a man builds his philosophy like a beaver; he is necessary, yet does not know it. . . . Yet one must see it all as I have seen it to be able to believe his eyes. I am in such good form, so braced, so lightened of a burden—I can make a merry little quip out of the gravest matters. How has it all come about? Do I not owe it to the dear North winds, the North winds which do not always blow from the Alps, but bring messages too from Copenhagen.

Grateful greetings from your

NIETZSCHE.

LETTER XIII.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

TURIN, *May 23rd*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

I don't want to leave Turin without expressing to you once more what a large share you have had in my first, for a long time, satisfactory spring. The history of my springs for the last fifteen years at least is a terrible tale of decadence and weakness. Places seem to make no difference; it was as if there was no panacea, no diet, no climate that could alter the essentially depressing character of that season. But now, behold Turin! And the first good tidings, your tidings, dear Sir, which have given proof that I live. . . . For I am in the habit now and then of forgetting that I am alive. An accident, a question reminded me this very day that a leading concept of life is extinguished in me. I mean the conception of "future." No wish, not a breath of a wish in front of me! Simply a calm

sea! Why should not a day in my seventieth year resemble exactly my days at present. Is it that I have lived too long in proximity to death to open my eyes any more on beautiful possibilities? Anyhow it is a fact that I limit myself to taking no thought further than to-day and to-morrow. I arrange to-day for what is to happen to-morrow, but for no day beyond. That may be irrational, unpractical, and perhaps unchristian. Did not the Sermoniser on the Mount forbid this taking thought for the morrow—but it seems to me in the highest degree philosophic. . . . It gives me a greater respect for myself than I formerly had. I have grasped the fact that I have unlearnt the art of wishing without having intended it.

These halcyon weeks have been employed in "transvaluing values." You understand this process? In reality the alchemist is the most serviceable sort of creature there is; I mean that he converts something base and despised into something of value, and even to gold. He alone creates wealth, others only refashion. My task this time has been quite unique; I have asked myself what has hitherto been most hated, feared, and scorned by men . . . and just out of that I have manufactured my gold. . . .

It's only to be hoped that I shall not be reproached for counterfeit coinage. But I shall be, of course! Has my photograph reached you? In such an exceptional case my mother has kindly consented to save me from appearing ungracious. I trust, too, that my Leipzig publisher, G. W. Fritzsch, has discharged his duty and despatched the *Hymn*. To wind up with, I own to a piece of inquisitiveness. As it was not granted me to listen at a crack of the door in order to gain some information about myself, I should be glad to hear something in another way. Three words to characterise the subject of your lectures. How much would I not glean from three words!

Most hearty good wishes, dear Sir,

Your

NIETZSCHE.

LETTER XIV.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, *May 23rd*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for letter, photo, and music. Letter and music gave me unmitigated delight, but the photograph might have been better. It is a profile picture done at Naumburg, characteristic in outline, but with far too little expression. Surely you

must look different from that? The man who wrote *Zarathustra* must at the same time have inscribed many more secrets on his features.

I finished my lectures on Friedrich Nietzsche before Whitsun. They ended, as the newspapers say, with an ovation. The "ovation" is almost entirely to your credit, not mine. I give myself the pleasure of transmitting it to you in writing. All I did was to interpret clearly and concisely and in a manner comprehensible to a Northern audience ideas that have their origin with you.

I attempted also to define your attitude with regard to your various contemporaries, to penetrate into the workshop of your thoughts, to dwell on points where my own pet theories were at one with yours, to illustrate where I differed from you, and in short to present a complete psychological picture of Nietzsche, the man of letters. This much I may say without exaggeration: your name is now very popular in all intelligent circles in Copenhagen, and at least known throughout Scandinavia. You have nothing to thank me for; it has been a real pleasure to immerse myself in your world of ideas. My lectures are not deserving of publication for the simple reason that anything purely philosophical is outside my province, and I would rather not print what treats of a subject in which I feel that I am not thoroughly competent. It rejoices me to know that you are feeling physically so "fit," and mentally refreshed. Here after the long winter we have a mild spring. We are delighting in the first young green of the trees, and also in a very perfectly arranged exhibition of Northern art, which is now opened in Copenhagen. Nearly all the leading French artists, both painters and sculptors, are exhibiting in it as well. Nevertheless, I long to be on the wing, but am obliged to stay.

I am afraid all this cannot interest you. I have forgotten to mention that if you don't know the Icelandic Sagas, you ought to study them. You would find much in them to support your hypothesis and theories concerning the morals of a master race. There is one very small detail in which you are not accurate. *Gothic* has certainly nothing to do with God, nor with good. It is connected with *Giessen*, to pour; he who emits the sperm, and signifies stallion or male. On the other hand, philologists here hold that your suggestion *bonus—duonus* is strikingly apt.

I trust that you and I are never to become quite strangers again in future.

I am,

Your faithful reader and admirer,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER XV.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

(*Post-card.*)

TURIN, *May 27th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

What eyes yours are! It is quite true that the Nietzsche of the photograph is not the author of *Zarathustra*. He is two or three years too young. I am much indebted to you for the etymology of "Gote" (Goth); it is simply godly.

I presume that to-day you will be reading a letter from me.

Yours always gratefully,

N——.

LETTER XVI.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

SILS-MARIA, *Sept. 13th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Herewith may I have the pleasure of recalling myself to you by sending you a present of a mischievous little piece of writing which all the same was very seriously meant? It dates from the bright days at Turin, but in the meanwhile evil days came in abundance, and such a decline in health, courage, and "Will to live"—to use Schopenhauerean language—that soon the little spring idyll seemed almost as if it had never been. Luckily, I got out of it while it lasted yet another document, the *Case of Wagner: a Problem for Musicians*. Malicious tongues are sure to interpret this as "The Fall of Wagner." *

I insist on your just glancing at this bit of musician's psychology, no matter how much you may defend yourself against music, the most importunate of all the Muses. For, my dear Sir Cosmopolitan, you are far too European in your tastes not to discern a hundred times more in it than my so-called compatriots, the "musical Germans." I am, to sum up, in such a case connoisseur in *rebus et personis*, and happily a musician by instinct to such an extent that the problem of value which is the root of this matter can be (in my opinion) approached and solved *viâ* music.

Really, the treatise might almost be said to be written in French; it would possibly be easier to translate into French than into German. Can you give me a few Russian and French addresses of people to whom it would be of some sense to post the treatise?

* The German title is *Der Fall Wagner*; Vol. VII. of English edition.—TRANSLATOR.

In a few months you may expect something philosophical from me under the title of *Musings of a Psychologist.** I manage to tell the world, including the talented nation of Germans, many home truths pleasant and unpleasant. But all this is chiefly nothing but recreation from the subject-in-chief, which last is called *Transvaluation of all Values.* Europe will be compelled to discover a Siberia bad enough for the originator of this tentative attempt at valuing.

I hope you will respond to my flippant letter with one of your characteristically "resolute" epistles.

Yours always,

With friendly regards and remembrances,

DR. NIETZSCHE.

(Address till middle of November, TURIN, ITALY (*ferma in posta.*)

LETTER XVII.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, *Oct. 6th,* 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter and your valuable present found me in a raging fever of overwork, hence the delay of my answer.

The sight of your handwriting was enough to awaken within me enjoyable anticipations. It is sad and deplorable indeed that you should have had such a wretched summer. I was foolish enough to believe that you had once for all come out of the furnace of physical suffering.

I have read the brochure with the most careful attention and the most intense enjoyment. I am not so unmusical that I could not appreciate the humour of it. I am simply not a competent judge. A few days before I got the little book I had been present at a performance of *Carmen.* What splendid music it is! All the same, at the risk of making you angry, I must confess that Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* made a profound and indelible impression on me. I heard the opera once in Berlin when my soul was battered and in a state of despair. I felt every note. I don't know whether the impression made on me was so deep because I was so soul-sick.

Do you know Bizet's widow? You ought to send her the brochure. It would delight her. She is the loveliest, most charming of women, with a chronic tic that, curious to say, is most becoming, but she is quite genuine, full of sincerity and fire. The one thing against her is that she has married again—a Parisian barrister, quite a sterling man, Straus by name. I

* He changed this title later to *Twilight of the Idols.*

believe she understands German. I could get her address for you if it doesn't disgust you that she has no more remained faithful to her God than the Virgin Mary, Mozart's widow and Marie Louise did to theirs. Bizet's child is of indescribable beauty and charm. But I am gossiping.

I have given a copy of the book to our great Swedish author, Strindberg, whom I have completely converted into an admirer of yours. He is a true genius, but a little mad, as are most geniuses (and non-geniuses!). I'll see that the other copy is suitably placed.

I know little of Paris now, but you might send a copy to the following address: "Madame la Princesse Anna Dmitrievna Ténicheff, Quai Anglais, 20 Petersburg." This lady is a friend of mine. She is familiar with the musical world of St. Petersburg, and will make you known there. I asked her once before to buy your books, but all of them, with the exception of *Human, all too Human,* were confiscated in Russia.

It would perhaps be polite, too, to send a copy to Prince Urussow (known to readers of Turgénieff's letters). He is keenly interested in everything German, is highly gifted, and a literary *gourmet*. Just at this moment I cannot recollect his address, but I can easily procure it. I am glad that notwithstanding your physical disabilities you can do such daring and vigorous work. It would give me the greatest joy to be read by you, but, unfortunately, you do not understand my language. This summer I have accomplished an enormous quantity. I have written two new big books (consisting of twenty-four and twenty-eight sheets), *Impressions of Poland* and *Impressions of Russia;* besides, I have entirely revised for a new edition one of my earliest works, *Æsthetic Studies,* and corrected the proofs myself of all three books. In a week or so I shall have this work off my hands, and begin a course of French lectures, and in the depths of winter I shall be off to Russia in order to recuperate there. This is the plan I have arranged for my winter campaign. May it prove no retreat from Moscow!

Trusting that you will always retain your friendly interest in me,

Yours truly and respectfully,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER XVIII.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

TURIN, *October 20th,* 1888.

DEAR SIR.

Again a pleasant breeze was wafted to me from the North with your letter, the only letter till now which has put a good

face, or any face, on my Wagner philippic. For nobody writes. Even among circles nearest and dearest I have created an irreparable breach. There is, for example, my old friend Baron von Seydlitz, in Munich, who happens, as luck will have it, to be president at this moment of the Munich Wagner Society. My still older friend the attorney, Krug, in Cologne, president of the Wagner Union of that town; my brother-in-law, Dr. Bernhard Förster, in South America, the well-known anti-Semite, and one of the most zealous members of the Bayreuther Blätter staff; and lastly, my revered friend, Malwida von Meysenbug, the author of *Memoiren einer Idealistin,* who puts Wagner on the same plane as Michael Angelo. . . .

Moreover, I understand that I must be on my guard against the female Wagnerite *par excellence,* who in extreme cases would show no mercy. Probably Bayreuth will protect itself, after the manner of the German Government, by interdicting my book on the ground that it is dangerous to public morals. My dictum, "We all know the unæsthetic temperament of the Christian *Junker*," might in itself be interpreted as *lèse-majesté.*

Your digression on the subject of Bizet's widow enchanted me. Please send me her address with Prince Urussow's. A copy has already been sent to your friend, the Princess Dmitrievna Ténicheff. When my next production is ready, which will be before very long (the title is *Twilight of the Idols,* or *How to Philosophise with the Hammer*), I should much like to send a copy to the Swede* whom you have introduced to me with such honourable mention. Only I do not know where he lives. This tract is my philosophy in a nutshell . . . radical to the verge of being criminal.

I, too, was once miraculously affected by *Tristan.* A dose of soul torture seems to me to be a first-rate tonic to take before a Wagner repast. The barrister, Dr. Wiener, of Leipzig, gave me to understand that a cure at Karlsbad was also advisable.

How industrious you are! And I, alas! such an idiot that I cannot understand Danish. I can perfectly believe that it is possible to recuperate in Russia. I count any sort of Russian book, especially one of Dostojewski's, translated, not into German (Heaven forbid!), but into French, among those that have brought greatest relief to my mind.† . . . From my heart I am grateful to you, as I have every reason to be.

Your

NIETZSCHE.

* August Strindberg.

† Nietzsche refers here to *The House of the Dead; or, Prison Life in Siberia.* It confirmed his own theory that great criminals may be great characters.—TRANSLATOR.

LETTER XIX.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, *Nov. 16th,* 1888.

DEAR SIR,

In vain have I been waiting for an answer from Paris giving the address of Madame Bizet. On the other hand, I have obtained the address of Prince Urussow. He lives at 79 Sargiewskaia, St. Petersburg. My three books are now out, and I have begun my lectures here. It is remarkable how what you write on Dostojewski in your letter and in your book concur with my impressions of him. He is a true and great poet, but a vile creature, absolutely Christian in his way of thinking and living, and at the same time quite *sadique*. His morals are wholly what you have christened "Slave Morality."

The mad Swede's name is August Strindberg; he lives here. His address is Holte, near Copenhagen. He has a special fondness for you, because he thinks that he finds in you all his own hatred of women. For that reason you are to him modern (irony of fate). When he read the report of my spring lectures in the papers he said, "It is astonishing how much there seems to be in this Nietzsche that I might have written." His drama, *Père,* has just appeared in French, with a preface by Zola. I am melancholy when I think of Germany. What a development is going on there at present! How sad to reflect that from all appearances one will not profit historically in the least during one's lifetime. It is a pity that you, a learned philologist, cannot read Danish. I am doing all I can to prevent my two books on Poland and Russia being translated, so that I shall not be banished or, at any rate, forbidden to speak when next I travel there. Hoping that these lines will find you in Turin or be sent after you,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER XX.

NIETZSCHE TO BRANDES.

TORINO, VIA CARLO ALBERTA 6,

Nov. 20th, 1888.

Forgive me, dear Sir, for answering you on the spot. Curious things are passing at this crisis in my life, things which have never had their like. The day before yesterday, again to-day. Ah! if you could only know what I had been writing when your letter reached me! With a cynicism which will become part of

the world's history I have now related "myself." The book is called *Ecce Homo,* and is an onslaught on the Crucified without the ghost of a scruple; it ends with thunderclaps and lightning flashes, that deafen and blind, against everything that is Christian or tainted with Christianity. I am, in short, the first psychologist of Christianity, and, old artillery-man that I am, can fire heavier cannon than any opponent of Christianity has ever before dreamed the existence of. The whole is the prelude of *The Transvaluation of all Values,* the work which lies ready before me. I vow to you that in two years we shall have the whole inhabited globe in convulsions. I am a Destiny.

Guess who comes off the worst in *Ecce Homo*. Messieurs the Germans! I have told them awful things. For instance, the Germans have it on their conscience that they ruined the conception of the last great epoch of history, the Renaissance, at a moment when Christian values, the decadence values, were humiliated, when these instincts in even princes of the Church were yielding to the instincts diametrically opposed thereto, the instincts of life.

It meant simply the restoration of Christianity to attack the Church. Cæsar Borgia as Pope, that was the conception of the Renaissance, its genuine symbol.

You must not be angry, either, that in a decisive passage of the book you crop up. I wrote it as an indictment of the conduct of my friends, their leaving me completely in the lurch, both with regard to reputation and philosophy. At this juncture you come on the scene with a halo of glory round your head.*

What you say of Dostojewski is just what I think. On the other hand, I estimate him as the most valuable psychological material I know. I am grateful to him in a quite remarkable fashion, however much he may stand in contradiction to my deepest-lying instincts. As for my attitude to Pascal, I almost love him, because he has taught me an infinite amount. He is the one logical Christian.

The day before yesterday I read and was charmed with *Les Mariés,* by August Strindberg, and I found myself at home in his pages. The only detriment to my sincere admiration was the feeling that I was at the same time admiring myself!

Turin is still my residence.

Your

NIETZSCHE.

(Now a "Monster.")

Where shall I address the *Twilight of the Idols?* Should you be in Copenhagen for the next fortnight, no answer is necessary.

* See *Ecce Homo*, p. 130. Translated by A. M. Ludovici.

CORRESPONDENCE OF NIETZSCHE

LETTER XXI.

BRANDES TO NIETZSCHE.

COPENHAGEN, *Nov. 23rd*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter found me in the thick of work; I am giving lectures here on Goethe, have to repeat each lecture twice, and yet people stand for three-quarters of an hour in the square in front of the University waiting to get standing room inside. It amuses me to make a study before such a crowd of the greatest among the great. I shall have to stay here till the end of the year. But as an antidote to this arises the distressing situation that one of my earlier books—so I am informed—translated recently into Russian has been condemned in Russia as irreligious, and ordered to be publicly burnt.

I was afraid that owing to my two last books on Poland and Russia I should be ostracised; now I must endeavour to enlist every possible interest in order to be protected and granted permission to speak in Russia. The worst is that nearly all letters from me and to me are being confiscated. After the disaster at Borki everyone is very anxious.* It came so soon after the great assassinations. Every letter is snapped up. I take a lively pleasure in knowing that you have been so productive. Believe me when I say that I am spreading your propaganda in every way I can. A few weeks ago I earnestly recommended Henrik Ibsen to study your books. With him, too, you have something in common, though very remotely in common.† Big and strong and unamiable is that eccentric, yet lovable withal. Strindberg will be delighted that you appreciate him. I do not know the French translation you mention, but they say here that all the best parts in *Giftas* (*Mariés*) are omitted, especially the witty polemic against Ibsen. You should read his play *Père*. There is a fine scene in it. He would, of course, be glad to send it to you. Can you imagine that he abhors his wife psychically, but cannot physically abandon her? He is a monogamous misogynist.

It is certainly extraordinary that the polemical trait should still be so strong in you. In my early youth I was passionately inclined to polemics; now I can only depict men and combat powers in being silent on them. It would be as impossible to me to attack Christianity as it would be impos-

* October 29th, 1885, an attempt on the life of the Emperor Alexander III., near the village of Borki. The train went off the rails, but the Emperor escaped unhurt.—TRANSLATOR.

† In *Ecce Homo*, p. 66, Nietzsche refers to Ibsen as "the typical old maid whose object is to poison the clean conscience of the natural spirit of sexual love."—TRANSLATOR.

sible for me to attack werewolves; I mean, as to write a brochure against belief in werewolves. Yet I see that we are in sympathy.... I, too, love Pascal. But I was early all for the Jesuits against Pascal (in the *Provinciales*). Clever men of the world, they were right; he did not understand them, but they have understood him, and—what a master-stroke of impudence and astuteness—they edited his *Provinciales* with notes. The best edition is that of the Jesuits. Another collision of the same kind was Luther pitted against the Pope. Victor Hugo in the preface to the *Feuilles d'Automne* has this fine saying: "*On convoque la diète de Worms mais on peint la chapelle Sixtine. Il y a Luther mais il y a Michel-Ange. . . . et remarquons en passant que Luther est dans les vieilleries qui croulent autour de nous et que Michel-Ange n'y est pas.*"

Look well at the face of Dostojewski, half a Russian peasant's face, half a criminal physiognomy, flat nose, small, penetrating eyes beneath lids that quiver with a nervous affection; look at the forehead, lofty, thoroughly well formed; the expressive mouth, eloquent of numberless torments of abysmal melancholy, of unnatural pleasures, of infinite compassion and passionate envy! An epileptic genius, whose exterior speaks of the mild milk of human kindness, with which his temperament was flooded, of the depth of an almost maniacal acuteness which mounted to his brain; finally of ambition, of monstrous exertion, and of bitter grudges which create pettiness of soul.

His characters are not only poor and pitiable, but refined simpletons, noble prostitutes, frequently sufferers from hallucinations, gifted epileptics, inspired recruits for martyrdom, exactly the types we can imagine grouped round the apostles and disciples in the first era of Christianity. Undoubtedly no other creatures could be more remote from the Renaissance! I am quite excited to know how I come into your book.

Yours most sincerely,

GEORG BRANDES.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE FRIEND GEORG.

Having been discovered by you no trick was necessary for the others to find me. The difficulty is now to get rid of me.

THE CRUCIFIED.

* * * * * *

Nietzsche's sister has added to the correspondence of her brother with Brandes, which ends here, the following note:—

"In answer to this his last letter Brandes only received the few lines above on a slip of the ruled paper which my beloved

brother used for writing his manuscripts. It reached Copenhagen after the stroke which paralysed his brain had fallen on him.... When one considers the enormous mental effort of the last six or seven months, the strain on his eyesight, in addition to violent attacks of illness, it is not difficult to understand how his strength must have been overtaxed and his marvellous intellect devoured. . . . With the gallantry of a hero he did not shirk the tension of fighting against adverse circumstances, but it was only by the aid of narcotics that he could combat nights of sleeplessness and depression; not morphia and opium, but chloral and a drug unknown to me were these aids which always had a most strange effect on my brother. . . . This may account for certain inaccuracies in the letter to Brandes dated November 20th.

"The attack on Christianity, for example, is in *Anti-Christ,* and not in *Ecce Homo,* though it is possible that he was then still doubtful as to whether or not he should transfer a few pages out of *Anti-Christ* to *Ecce Homo.* Most decidedly, however, the whole of the *Transvaluation of all Values* only lay before him complete in conception, and was not actually finished. On the other hand, *Ecce Homo* was completed as early as the beginning of November before the painful attacks of illness had set in. It may have been altered afterwards under the influence of changed circumstances, so that much that is puzzling has crept in, but nowhere is there any personal animus. The touching allusion to Brandes referred to in the last letter to him remained unchanged."

The Story Teller's Craft

III

Writing Plays

By Arnold Bennett

I

THERE is an idea abroad, assiduously fostered as a rule by critics who happen to have written neither novels nor plays, that it is more difficult to write a play than a novel. I do not think so. I have written or collaborated in about twenty novels and about twenty plays, and I am convinced that it is easier to write a play than a novel. Personally, I would sooner *write* two plays than one novel; less expenditure of nervous force and mere brains would be required for two plays than for one novel. (I emphasise the word "write," because if the whole weariness between the first conception and the first performance of a play is compared with the whole weariness between the first conception and the first publication of a novel, then the play has it. I would sooner get seventy-and-seven novels produced than one play. But my immediate object is to compare only writing with writing.) It seems to me that the sole persons entitled to judge of the comparative difficulty of writing plays and writing novels are those authors who have succeeded or failed equally well in both departments. And in this limited band I imagine that the differences of opinion on the point could not be marked. I would like to note, in passing, for the support of my proposition, that whereas established novelists not infrequently venture into the theatre with audacity, established dramatists are very cautious indeed about quitting the theatre. An established dramatist usually takes good care to write

plays and naught else; he will not affront the risks of coming out into the open; and therein his instinct is quite properly that of self-preservation. Of many established dramatists all over the world it may be affirmed that if they were so indiscreet as to publish a novel, the result would be a great shattering and a great awakening.

II

An enormous amount of vague reverential nonsense is talked about the technique of the stage, the assumption being that in difficulty it far surpasses any other literary technique, and that until it is acquired a respectable play cannot be written. One hears also that it can only be acquired behind the scenes. A famous actor-manager once kindly gave me the benefit of his experience, and what he said was that a dramatist who wished to learn his business must live behind the scenes—and study the works of Dion Boucicault! The truth is that no technique is so crude and so simple as the technique of the stage, and that the proper place to learn it is not behind the scenes but in the pit. Managers, being the most conservative people on earth, except compositors, will honestly try to convince the naïve dramatist that effects can only be obtained in the precise way in which effects have always been obtained, and that this and that rule must not be broken on pain of outraging the public. And indeed it is natural that managers should talk thus, seeing the low state of the drama, because in any art rules and reaction always flourish when creative energy is sick. The mandarins have ever said and will ever say that a technique which does not correspond with their own is no technique, but simple clumsiness. There are some seven situations in the customary drama, and a play which does not contain at least one of those situations in each act will be condemned as "undramatic," or "thin," or as being "all talk." It may contain half a hundred other situations, but for the mandarin a situation which is not one of the seven is not a situation. Similarly there are some dozen character-types in the customary drama, and all original—that is, truthful—characterisation will be dismissed as a total absence of

characterisation because it does not reproduce any of these dozen types. Thus every truly original play is bound to be indicted for bad technique. The author is bound to be told that what he has written may be marvellously clever, but that it is not a play. I remember the day—and it is not long ago—when even so experienced and sincere a critic as William Archer used to argue that if the "intellectual" drama did not succeed with the general public, it was because its technique was not up to the level of the technique of the commercial drama! Perhaps he has changed his opinion since then. Heaven knows that the so-called "intellectual" drama is amateurish enough, but nearly all literary art is amateurish, and assuredly no intellectual drama could hope to compete in clumsiness with some of the most successful commercial plays of modern times. I tremble to think what the mandarins and William Archer would say to the technique of *Hamlet*, could it by some miracle be brought forward as a new piece by a Mr. Shakspere. They would probably recommend Mr. Shakspere to consider the ways of Sardou, Henri Bernstein, and Sir Herbert Tree, and be wise. Most positively they would assert that *Hamlet* was not a play. And their pupils of the daily press would point out—what surely Mr. Shakspere ought to have perceived for himself—that the second, third, or fourth act might be cut wholesale without the slightest loss to the piece.

In the sense in which mandarins understand the word technique, there is no technique special to the stage except that which concerns the moving of solid human bodies to and fro, and the limitations of the human senses. The dramatist must not expect his audience to be able to see or hear two things at once, nor to be incapable of fatigue. And he must not expect his interpreters to stroll round or come on or go off in a satisfactory manner unless he provides them with satisfactory reasons for strolling round, coming on, or going off. Lastly, he must not expect his interpreters to achieve physical impossibilities. The dramatist who sends a pretty woman off in street attire and seeks to bring her on again in thirty seconds fully dressed for a court ball may fail in stage technique, but he has not proved that stage technique is tremendously difficult; he has proved something quite else.

WRITING PLAYS

III

One reason why a play is easier to write than a novel is that a play is shorter than a novel. On the average, one may say that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. The contrary is held true by the majority, but then the majority, having never attempted to produce a long work of art, are unqualified to offer an opinion. It is said that the most difficult form of poetry is the sonnet. But the most difficult form of poetry is the epic. The proof that the sonnet is the most difficult form is alleged to be in the fewness of perfect sonnets. There are, however, far more perfect sonnets than perfect epics. A perfect sonnet may be a heavenly accident. But such accidents can never happen to writers of epics. Some years ago we had an enormous palaver about the "art of the short story," which numerous persons who had omitted to write novels pronounced to be more difficult than the novel. But the fact remains that there are scores of perfect short stories, whereas it is doubtful whether anybody but Turgenev ever did write a perfect novel. A short form is easier to manipulate than a long form, because its construction is less complicated, because the balance of its proportions can be more easily corrected by means of a rapid survey, because it is lawful and even necessary in it to leave undone many things which are very hard to do, and because the emotional strain is less prolonged. The most difficult thing in all art is to maintain the imaginative tension unslackened throughout a considerable period.

Then, not only does a play contain less matter than a novel—it is further simplified by the fact that it contains fewer kinds of matter, and less subtle kinds of matter. There are numerous delicate and difficult affairs of craft that the dramatist need not think about at all. If he attempts to go beyond a certain very mild degree of subtlety, he is merely wasting his time. What passes for subtle on the stage would have a very obvious air in a novel, as some dramatists have unhappily discovered. Thus whole continents of danger may be shunned by the dramatist, and instead of being scorned for his cowardice

he will be very rightly applauded for his artistic discretion. Fortunate predicament! Again, he need not—indeed, he must not—save in a primitive and hinting manner, concern himself with "atmosphere." He may roughly suggest one, but if he begins on the feat of "creating" an atmosphere (as it is called), the last suburban train will have departed before he has reached the crisis of the play. The last suburban train is the best friend of the dramatist, though the fellow seldom has the sense to see it. Further, he is saved all descriptive work. See a novelist harassing himself into his grave over the description of a landscape, a room, a gesture—while the dramatist grins. The dramatist may have to imagine a landscape, a room, or a gesture; but he has not got to write it—and it is the writing which hastens death. If a dramatist and a novelist set out to portray a clever woman, they are almost equally matched, because each has to make the creature say things and do things. But if they set out to portray a charming woman, the dramatist can recline in an easy chair and smoke while the novelist is ruining temper, digestion, and eyesight, and spreading terror in his household by his moodiness and unapproachability. The electric light burns in the novelist's study at three a.m.,—the novelist is still endeavouring to convey by means of words the extraordinary fascination that his heroine could exercise over mankind by the mere act of walking into a room; and he never has really succeeded and never will. The dramatist writes curtly, "Enter Millicent." All are anxious to do the dramatist's job for him. Is the play being read at home—the reader eagerly and with brilliant success puts his imagination to work and completes a charming Millicent after his own secret desires. (Whereas he would coldly decline to add one touch to Millicent were she the heroine of a novel.) Is the play being performed on the stage—an experienced, conscientious, and perhaps lovely actress will strive her hardest to prove that the dramatist was right about Millicent's astounding fascination. And if she fails, nobody will blame the dramatist; the dramatist will receive naught but sympathy.

And there is still another region of superlative difficulty which is narrowly circumscribed for the spoilt dramatist: I mean the whole business of persuading the public that

the improbable is probable. Every work of art is and must be crammed with improbabilities and artifice; and the greater portion of the artifice is employed in just this trickery of persuasion. Only, the public of the dramatist needs far less persuading than the public of the novelist. The novelist announces that Millicent accepted the hand of the wrong man, and in spite of all the novelist's corroborative and exegetical detail the insulted reader declines to credit the statement and condemns the incident as unconvincing. The dramatist decides that Millicent must accept the hand of the wrong man, and there she is on the stage in flesh and blood, veritably doing it! Not easy for even the critical beholder to maintain that Millicent could not and did not do such a silly thing when he has actually with his eyes seen her in the very act! The dramatist, as usual, having done less, is more richly rewarded by results.

Of course it will be argued, as it has always been argued, by those who have not written novels, that it is precisely the "doing less"—the leaving out—that constitutes the unique and fearful difficulty of dramatic art. "The skill to leave out"—lo! the master faculty of the dramatist! But, in the first place, I do not believe that, having regard to the relative scope of the play and of the novel, the necessity for leaving out is more acute in the one than in the other. The adjective "photographic" is as absurd applied to the novel as to the play. And, in the second place, other factors being equal, it is less exhausting, and it requires less skill, to refrain from doing than to do. To know when to refrain from doing may be hard, but positively to do is even harder. Sometimes, listening to partisans of the drama, I have been moved to suggest that, if the art of omission is so wondrously difficult, a dramatist who practised the habit of omitting to write anything whatever ought to be hailed as the supreme craftsman.

IV

The more closely one examines the subject, the more clear and certain becomes the fact that there is only one fundamental artistic difference between the novel and the play, and that difference (to which I shall come later) is not the difference which would be generally named as dis-

tinguishing the play from the novel. The apparent differences are superficial, and are due chiefly to considerations of convenience.

Whether in a play or in a novel the creative artist has to tell a story—using the word story in a very wide sense. Just as a novel is divided into chapters, and for a similar reason, a play is divided into acts. But neither chapters nor acts are necessary. Some of Balzac's chief novels have no chapter-divisions, and it has been proved that a theatre audience can and will listen for two hours to "talk," and even recitative singing, on the stage, without a pause. Indeed, audiences, under the compulsion of an artist strong and imperious enough, could, I am sure, be trained to marvellous feats of prolonged receptivity. However, chapters and acts are usual, and they involve the same constructional processes on the part of the artist. The entire play or novel must tell a complete story—that is, arouse a curiosity and reasonably satisfy it, raise a main question and then settle it. And each act or other chief division must tell a definite portion of the story, satisfy part of the curiosity, settle part of the question. And each scene or other minor division must do the same according to its scale. Everything basic that applies to the technique of the novel applies equally to the technique of the play.

In particular, I would urge that a play, any more than a novel, need not be dramatic, employing the term as it is usually employed. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest, every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. In this sense *The Golden Bowl* is dramatic; so are *Dominique* and *Persuasion*. A play need not be more dramatic than that. Very emphatically a play need not be dramatic in the stage sense. It need never induce interest to the degree of excitement. It need have nothing that resembles what would be recognisable in the theatre as a situation. It may amble on—and it will still be a play, and it may succeed in pleasing either the fastidious hundreds or the unfastidious hundreds of thousands, according to the talent of the author. Without doubt mandarins will continue for about a century yet to excommunicate certain plays from the category of plays. But nobody will be any the worse. And dramatists will go on proving that whatever else divides a play from a book,

"dramatic quality" does not. Some arch-mandarin may launch at me one of those mandarinic epigrammatic questions which are supposed to overthrow the adversary at one dart. "Do you seriously mean to argue, sir, that drama need not be dramatic?" I do, if the word dramatic is to be used in the mandarinic signification. I mean to state that some of the finest plays of the modern age differ from a psychological novel in nothing but the superficial form of telling. Example, Henri Becque's *La Parisienne*, than which there is no better. If I am asked to give my own definition of the adjective "dramatic," I would say that that story is dramatic which is told in dialogue imagined to be spoken by actors and actresses on the stage, and that any narrower definition is bound to exclude some genuine plays universally accepted as such—even by mandarins. For be it noted that the mandarin is never consistent.

My definition brings me to the sole technical difference between a play and a novel—in the play the story is told by means of dialogue. It is a difference less important than it seems, and not invariably even a sure point of distinction between the two kinds of narrative. For a novel may consist exclusively of dialogue. And plays may contain other matter than dialogue. The classic chorus is not dialogue. But nowadays we should consider the device of the chorus to be clumsy, as, nowadays, it indeed would be. We have grown very ingenious and clever at the trickery of making characters talk to the audience and explain themselves and their past history while seemingly innocent of any such intention. And here, I admit, the dramatist has to face a difficulty special to himself, which the novelist can avoid. I believe it to be the sole difficulty which is peculiar to the drama, and that it is not acute is proved by the ease with which third-rate dramatists have generally vanquished it. Mandarins are wont to assert that the dramatist is also handicapped by the necessity for rigid economy in the use of material. This is not so. Rigid economy in the use of material is equally advisable in every form of art. If it is a necessity, it is a necessity which all artists flout from time to time, and occasionally with gorgeous results, and the successful dramatist has hitherto not been less guilty of flouting it than the novelist or any other artist.

V

And now, having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is superficial and slight, I come to the fundamental difference between them—a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel,—it is less severe even while it lasts, lower in degree and of a less purely creative character. And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. The dramatist is the sole author of a play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the other hand, he cannot do everything himself. He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the affair as a pyramidal structure, and the dramatist is the base—but he is not the apex. A play is a collaboration of creative faculties. The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not only those of the author, the stage-director ("producer"), and the actors—the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

Hence a dramatist who attempts to do the whole work of creation before the acting begins is an inartistic usurper of the functions of others, and will fail of proper accomplishment at the end. The dramatist must deliberately, in performing his share of the work, leave scope for a multitude of alien faculties whose operations he can neither precisely foresee nor completely control. The point is not that in the writing of a play there are various sorts of matters —as we have already seen—which the dramatist must ignore;

the point is that even in the region proper to him he must not push the creative act to its final limit. He must ever remember those who are to come after him. For instance, though he must visualise a scene as he writes it, he should not visualise it completely, as a novelist should. The novelist may perceive vividly the faces of his personages, but if the playwright insists on seeing faces, either he will see the faces of real actors and hamper himself by moulding the scene to suit such real actors, or he will perceive imaginary faces, and the ultimate interpretation will perforce falsify his work and nullify his intentions. This aspect of the subject might well be much amplified, but only for a public of practising dramatists.

VI

When the play is "finished," the processes of collaboration have yet to begin. The serious work of the dramatist is over, but the most desolating part of his toil awaits him. I do not refer to the business of arranging with a theatrical manager for the production of the play. For, though that generally partakes of the nature of tragedy, it also partakes of the nature of amusing burlesque, owing to the fact that theatrical managers are—no doubt inevitably—theatrical. Nevertheless, even the theatrical manager, while disclaiming the slightest interest in anything more vital to the stage than the box-office, is himself in some degree a collaborator, and is the first to show to the dramatist that a play is not a play till it is performed. The manager reads the play, and to the dramatist's astonishment, reads quite a different play from that which the dramatist imagines he wrote. In particular the manager reads a play which can scarcely hope to succeed—indeed, a play against whose chances of success ten thousand powerful reasons can be adduced. It is remarkable that a manager nearly always foresees failure in a manuscript, and very seldom success. The manager's profoundest instinct—self-preservation again—is to refuse a play; if he accepts, it is against the grain, against his judgment—and out of a mad spirit of adventure. Some of the most glittering successes have been rehearsed in an atmosphere of settled despair. The dramatist naturally

feels an immense contempt for the opinions artistic and otherwise of the manager, and he is therein justified. The manager's vocation is not to write plays, nor (let us hope) to act in them, nor to direct the rehearsals of them, and even his knowledge of the vagaries of his own box-office has often proved to be pitiably delusive. The manager's true and only vocation is to refrain from producing plays. Despite all this, however, the manager has already collaborated in the play. The dramatist sees it differently now. All sorts of new considerations have been presented to him. Not a word has been altered; but it is noticeably another play. Which is merely to say that the creative work on it which still remains to be done has been more accurately envisaged. This strange experience could not happen to a novel, because when a novel is written it is finished.

And when the director of rehearsals, or producer, has been chosen, and this priceless and mysterious person has his first serious confabulation with the author, then at once the play begins to assume new shapes—contours undreamt of by the author till that startling moment. And even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He, first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapours into a solid element. . . . He suggests the casting. "What do you think of X. for the old man?" asks the producer. The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X. would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote. And quite probably he sees a more glorious play. Quite probably he had not suspected how great a dramatist he is. . . . Before the first rehearsal is called, the play, still without a word altered, has gone through astounding creative transmutations; the author recognises in it some likeness to his beloved child, but it is the likeness of a first cousin.

At the first rehearsal, and for many rehearsals, to an extent perhaps increasing, perhaps decreasing, the dramatist is forced into an apologetic and self-conscious mood; and

his mien is something between that of a criminal who has committed a horrid offence and that of a father over the crude body of a new-born child. Now in truth he deeply realises that the play is a collaboration. In extreme cases he may be brought to see that he himself is one of the less important factors in the collaboration. The first preoccupation of the interpreters is not with his play at all, but—quite rightly—with their own careers; if they were not honestly convinced that their own careers were the chief genuine excuse for the existence of the theatre and the play they would not act very well. But, more than that, they do not regard his play as a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. At the most favourable what they secretly think is that if they are permitted to exercise their talents on his play there is a chance that they may be able to turn it into a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. The attitude of every actor towards his part is: "My part is not much of a part as it stands, but if my individuality is allowed to get into free contact with it, I may make something brilliant out of it." Which attitude is a proper attitude, and an attitude in my opinion justified by the facts of the case. The actor's phrase is that he *creates* a part, and he is right. He completes the labour of creation begun by the author and continued by the producer, and if reasonable liberty is not accorded to him—if either the author or the producer attempts to do too much of the creative work—the result cannot be satisfactory.

As the rehearsals proceed the play changes from day to day. However autocratic the producer, however obstinate the dramatist, the play will vary at each rehearsal like a large cloud in a gentle wind. It is never the same play for two days together. Nor is this surprising, seeing that every day and night a dozen, or it may be two dozen, human beings endowed with the creative gift are creatively working on it. Every dramatist who is candid with himself—I do not suggest that he should be candid to the theatrical world—well knows that though his play is often worsened by his collaborators it is also often improved,—and improved in the most mysterious and dazzling manner—without a word being altered. Producer and actors do not merely suggest possibilities, they execute them. And the

author is confronted by artistic phenomena for which lawfully he may not claim credit. On the other hand, he may be confronted by inartistic phenomena in respect to which lawfully he is blameless, but which he cannot prevent; a rehearsal is like a battle,—certain persons are theoretically in control, but in fact the thing principally fights itself. And thus the creation goes on until the dress-rehearsal, when it seems to have come to a stop. And the dramatist lying awake in the night reflects, stoically, fatalistically: "Well, that is the play that they have made of *my* play!" And he may be pleased or he may be disgusted. But if he attends the first performance he cannot fail to notice, after the first few minutes of it, that he was quite mistaken, and that what the actors are performing is still another play. The audience is collaborating.

The Beggar Earl

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

MANY a shadowy figure has flitted through the valley of Menteith. Just as the vale itself is full of shadows, shadows that leave no traces of their passage; but, whilst they last, seem just as real as are the hills themselves, so not a few of those who have lived in it seem unsubstantial and as illusive as a ghost.

Perhaps less real, for if a man detects a spectre with that interior vision dear to the Highlanders and to all mystics, Highland or Lowland, or from whatever land they be, he has as surely seen it, for himself, as if the phantasm was pictured on the retina of the exterior eye.

Pixies, trolls, and fairies, the men of peace, the dwellers in the Fairy Hill that opens upon Hallowe'en alone, and from which issues a long train, bringing with them our long-lost vicar Kirke of Aberfoyle, True Thomas, and the rest of all the mortals who forsook their porridge three times a day, for the love of some elf queen, and have remained as flies embedded in the amber of tradition, are in a way prosaic. Men have imagined them, enduing them with their own qualities, just as they have endued their gods, with jealousy and hate. Those born in the ordinary, but miraculous, fashion of mankind, who live apparently by bread alone, and yet remain beings apart, not touched by praise, ambition, or any of the things that move their fellows, are the true fairies after all.

Such a one was the beggar earl. All his long life he lacked advancement, finding it only at the last, as he died, like a cadger's pony, by a dykeside in the snow. That kind of death keeps a man's memory fresh.

Few can tell to-day where or in what manner died his ancestors—the mail-clad knights who fought at Flodden, aided their kings, with the half Highland cunning of their race, and generally opposed the Southrons, who, impotent

to conquer us in war, yet have filched from us most of our national character by the soft arts of peace. A mouldering slab of freestone here and there, a nameless statue of a Crusader with his crossed feet resting upon his dog, in the ebenezerised cathedral of Dunblane; a little castle on a little reedy island in a bulrush-circled lake, some time-stained parchments in old muniments preserve their memory, to those who care for memories, a futile and a disappearing race.

His is preserved in snow. Nothing is more enduring than the snow. It falls and straight all is transfigured. All suffers a chromatic change: that which was black or red, brown, yellow, or dark-grey, is changed to white, so white that it remains forever stamped on the mind, and one recalls the landscape, with its fairy woods, its stiff, dead streams, its suffering trees and withered vegetation, as it was on that day.

So has the recollection of the beggar earl remained, a legend, and all his humble life, his struggles and his fixed, foolish purpose been forgotten; leaving his death, as it were embalmed, in something, of itself so perishable that it has had no time to die.

No mere success, the most vulgar thing that a man can endure, would have been so lasting, for men resent success and strive to stifle it under their applause, lauding the result, the better to belittle all the means. His life was not especially eventful, still less mysterious, for the poor play out their part in public, and a greater mystic than himself has said, "the poor make no noise."

Someone who knew him said he was "a little man; a little clean man, that went round about through the country. He never saw him act wrong. . . . He was—just a man asking charity. He went into farm-houses and asked for victuals; what they would give him, and into gentlemen's houses."

This little picture, drawn unconsciously, shows us the man as he was after ill-fortune overtook him. For a brief season he had been well known in Edinburgh. In 1744, when he was studying medicine, he suddenly appeared at the election of a Scottish peer and told the assembly who he was, and claimed the right to vote.

From that time till his death, he never dropped his

claim, attending all elections of a Scottish peer till he got weary of the game. Then disillusion fell on him, and he withdrew to beg his bread, and wander up and down his earldom and the neighbouring lands, until his death.

Once more he came into the public view, in the year 1747, when he published his rare pamphlet, "The Fatal Consequences of Discord," dedicated to the Prince of Wales. In it he says "that there can be no true unity without religion and virtue in a State."

This marks him as a man designed by nature to be poor, for unity and virtue are not commodities that command a ready sale.

He had not any special gift but faith, and that perhaps sustained him in his wanderings, and perhaps he may have thought that he would sit some day in a celestial senate, and this belief consoled him for his rejection by an earthly house of peers. One thing is certain, even had the House of Lords, that disallowed his claim, although he voted several years in Edinburgh, approved him as a peer, it would not have convinced him of his right one atom more; for if a man is happy in conviction, he had it to the full.

It is said he bore about with him papers and pedigrees that he would never sell. No bartering of the crown for him, even for bread. A little, grey, clean-looking man, mounted upon an old white pony, falling by degrees into most abject poverty and still respected for his uprightness, and perhaps a little for his ancestry, for in those days that which to us is but a mockery, was real, just as some things which with us are valued, in those days would have been ridiculous.

So, through the valley of Menteith, along the Endrick, and by Loch Lomond side, past the old church at Kilmaronock, through Gartocharn and up and down the Leven, he took his pilgrimage.

Over the wild track on the Dumbarton moor, and past the waterfall at the head of the glen of Galingad, he and his pony must have wandered many times, reflecting that the lands he passed over should have been all his own, for he was really Earl of Menteith by right and by descent, no matter though his fellow peers refused to recognise him. He talked at first, in any house he came to, of his rights, and people having little news to distract them in

those days, were no doubt pleased to hear him and to inveigh against injustice in the way that those who had themselves received it all their lives are always pleased to talk.

So does a goaded ox lower his head and whisk his tail, and then, after a glance thrown at his fellow, strain once again upon the yoke. Then, when the novelty was over they would receive his stories with less interest, driving him back upon himself, until most likely he bore his wrongs about with him, just as a peddlar bears his pack, in silence, and alone. So did he, when the first efforts to obtain his title and his rights had spent their force, quit Edinburgh as it had been a city of the plague when there was any election of a peer.

Whilst he was wandering up and down the parishes of Kilmaronock and of Port, Scotland was all convulsed with the late rising of the '45. Parties of soldiers, and bands of Highlanders, retreating to the north, must have passed by him daily, and yet he never seems to have had the inclination to change sides. Staunch in his allegiance to the Government, and with a faith well grounded in the Protestant Succession, as his pamphlet shows, most probably he was a Church and State man, as he would have said, up to his dying day.

Of such, as far as kings and rulers are concerned, are the elect, and thrones are founded on this unquestioning belief, more strongly than on armies or in Courts.

As the years passed, and he still wandered up and down Menteith, losing by degrees the little culture that his studies had implanted in him when he attended the Edinburgh schools, the farmers must have begun to treat him, first as one of themselves, and then just as they would have treated any other wandering beggarman. Still, on the few occasions when he had to write a letter he always signed "Menteith," especially to begging letters, and the signature, no doubt, consoled him many times for a refusal of his plea.

Few could have known all the traditions of the district as did the wandering earl; but he most probably, living amongst them, thought them not in the least remarkable, for it needs time and distance to make old legends interesting.

He and his pony must have been familiar figures on the roads, and when he came to a wild moorland farm, no doubt they welcomed him, expecting news from the outside world, and were a little disappointed when he sat silent in the settle, gazing into the smouldering peats, brooding upon his wrongs.

At such times, most likely he drew out his cherished papers from his wallet and pored upon them, though he must long ago have known them all by heart, and as he read them all his pride in his old lineage revived, and the long day upon hill tracks may have seemed light to him as he sat nodding by the fire. His hosts, with the old-fashioned hospitality of those times, would set before him a great bowl of porridge, which he must often only have eaten for good manners' sake, and then go off to sleep beside his pony on the straw.

How many years he wandered through the mosses and the hills, how many times he saw the shaws in April green upon the Fairy Hill, or the red glow upon the moor in autumn, is not quite clear; but all the time he never once forsook his wanderings. Offers were made him, by many of his friends, to settle down; but either the free life held something for him that no mere dwelling in a house could give, or else he thought himself more likely to attain his object by being always on the road, travelling, as it were, like a Knight of the Holy Grail, towards some goal unseen that fascinated him, still always further on.

No doubt the darksome thickets by loch sides, in which he and his pony must have passed so many summer nights, were pleasanter than a smoke-infested Highland shieling. Sleeping alone in them he could hear all the mysterious voices of the night, hear wild ducks whirring overhead, the cries of herons in the early morning, and the splash made by rising trout, and watch the mist at dawn creeping upon the water as he lay huddled in his plaid.

All our old tracks, so long disused, but visible to those who look for such things, by their white stones, on which so many generations of brogue-clad feet have passed, and by the dark green grass that marks them as they meander across uplands or through the valleys, he must have known as well as did the drovers coming from the north.

Lone wells, that lie forgotten nowadays, but of which

then the passers-by all knew and drank from, he too had drunk from, lying upon his chest, and with his beard floating like seaweed in the water as he lay.

Mists must have shrouded him, as he rode through the hills, and out of them strange faces must have peered, terrible and fantastic to a man alone and cut off from mankind.

Possibly to him the faces seemed familiar and more kindly than were those he generally saw upon his pilgrimage. If there were fairies seated on the green knolls, he must have seemed to them one of themselves, for certainly he was a man of peace.

Cold, wind and rain and snow must have beat on him as they do upon a tree, but not for that did he once stay his wanderings up and down. As age drew on him it was observed that by degrees he seldom left his native parish, Kilmaronock, where he was known and understood by all.

There is a tract of moorland, high-lying and bleak, from which at the top you see Loch Lomond and its islands lying out as in a map beneath. Inch Cailleach, high and grey-looking, and Inch Murren with its yews float in the foreground like hulks of ships, and the dark rock of Balmaha rises above a little reedy bay. Just at the bleakest part of the bare moor the wandering earl was seen by some returning drovers on a cold winter's night. Light snow was falling, and as they passed him on the wild track that leads down to the vale of Leven, huddled up on his pony, they spoke to him, but he returned no answer, and passed on into the storm. All night it snowed, and in the morning, when the heritors were coming to the old kirk of Bonhill parish, they found him with his back to a dry stone dyke, and his beloved parchments in his hand. Not far away his old white pony, with the reins dangling round his feet, stood shivering, and in the snow where he had thrust his muzzle deeply down to seek the grass, were some faint stains of blood.

The Sexual Correlations of Poetic Genius

By Professor Rémond

In the course of a paper published last year in collaboration with one of my pupils, Dr. Voivenel, in which we studied the phenomena which favour the development of literary genius and those likely to prove prejudicial to it, we had occasion to consider what relations might possibly be apprehended between the development of the higher forms of language and sexual functions.

We observe in a great number of animals correlative manifestations between the annual active phases of the reproductive forces and the appearance of certain qualities, certain physical embellishments. In a large number of others there exist definite characteristics endowing one of the sexes, usually the male, with more elegant forms, brighter colouring, more powerful armature.

In the human race it is only at the period of puberty that definite secondary characteristics proper to each develop in the sexes. In the male the most important phenomenon which precedes or accompanies the evolution of all the rest is the modification, or "breaking," of the voice. This evidently indicates the existence of a close connection between the development of sex and the phonetic organs; and the problem which remains is to discover, by a more minute analysis of the general conditions of this evolution, what degree of connection there may be between the two great functions which determine, one the intellectual development of the race, and the other its perpetuity.

Language is the distinctive characteristic of the human race; at least it is only among human beings that we find the notion of Verbs, which are its most important element. Those animals which, anatomically and intellectually, are

nearest akin to mankind, are capable of giving distinct external expression to certain states which may be termed psychic: but as a general proposition we may regard language as the most recent acquisition of animal life in its slow ascent to the human type. With greater certainty we may say that while language is the distinctive characteristic of man, it is also his ornament. It is by the various manifestations of this faculty that he is able to externalise all his dreams and to express his will. Music, drawing, writing, speech, mimicry, are all the offspring of one function, and are merely different modes of the same, at bottom but little separated one from the other. The same anatomic centre of externalisation directs their mechanism, the grey substance of the frontal circumvolutions 2 and 3, itself divided into a certain number of more clearly differentiated points of convergence. This property of the frontal lobe of being the threshold where the diverse elements of sensibility congregate to produce external psychic manifestations is, moreover, noticeable not in man alone. In animals sufficiently removed from him, in the dog for instance, we find in the anterior portion of the paracentral lobe a veritable language centre, the centre regulating the lateral movements of the tail, which are psychic movements. The movements which constitute the elements of the externalisation of thought, the wagging of a dog's tail, the movement of a man's hand when he writes or draws, of his phonetic organs when he speaks, of the facial muscles in mimicry, belong indifferently to both lobes, while it is only in the left frontal lobe of man that we can localise that which imparts to these movements their special psychic value, their language value. These nuclei of externalisation have corresponding centres of reception. The eye and ear of man are specially fitted to receive the sensations necessary, if not to the acquisition, at least to the development of this faculty of language. In dogs we must look to the olfactory centre, which is more directly connected with the motor centre, but which, while still playing an important part, seems nevertheless to have deteriorated in value to a singular degree in man. Broca holds that the diminution of power of the olfactory centre corresponds to the development of those centres more particularly regulating language written and spoken.

The centres of reception, of sensibility, the education of which commences previous to the organisation of the whole motor system, regulate therefore the orientation of the motor areas necessary to language, as they do that of all the others; and it is, moreover, through them that the left hemisphere of the brain receives the successive elements of its ulterior psychic functions.

But we can distinguish two distinct phases of this education. One corresponds to the infantile period of life, in the course of which the fasciculi of association of the oval centre are organised; during the second phase the sensory and motor centres become connected by the most superficial region of the cortical area, the plexus of Exner. This one is late and slow in its organisation; and while the most active period of its development corresponds to the close of childhood and the first years of adolescence, it continues to evolve perhaps till after the fortieth year. Here then is a system which is developed at the moment of puberty, and which cannot escape from the correlative influence of sex. It is a fragile system, and is apparently the first to suffer in those psychoses—in that disintegration of the intellect which occurs early in such cases of insanity as Kraepelin has termed "praecox." It is a system in continual evolution, thus rendering it possible for certain disorders to repair themselves by the probable creation of means of substitution; clinically we see certain very slight cases of hebephrenies cure themselves. It is at its level that we must probably localise the lesions, still so uncertain, of hysteria.

The correlation with the sexual zone is demonstrated by the fact that in certain cases injury to the organs of reproduction has led to grave disturbance of the sensory and motor co-ordination (anæsthesia, deafness, tremor), while according to Coni's experiments (*Rivista sperimentale di freniatria e medicina legale*, January, 1908) the destruction of the cortical area has led in some animals to atrophy of the reproductive forces.

Here, then, is a cerebral organ which is in close relation with both sexual and general equilibrium, and which, moreover, develops precisely at the moment when personality is taking definite shape, when the individual emerges from the child, and when the acquisitions and the external

expression of the intellect begin to show their individuality. The precociously demented walks, reads, writes, draws, talks, etc. The great motor-sensory affinities there fore remain intact, and the disturbance only affects the more recent acquisitions, those which should constitute the individuality of the ego if the organ regulating them had been evolved normally.

Whatever relations may exist between the language centres and those of sex are, moreover, very close. Ferrier points to the presence of a generative centre situated in the frontal lobe in front of the language centre. Bechterew and Mislawski have shown that there exists also a centre of sexual functions behind the crucial circonvolution in the rear of the gyrus.

In the left frontal lobe we thus find ourselves in the presence of a series of organs which, from the olfactive animals to man, are in close relation with sexuality on the one hand and with psychic externalisation on the other: and the connection between these seems to be all the stronger from the fact that pathologically and physiologically it appears more distinct where sexuality and intellectuality are more highly developed. If we now recur to what we said above to the effect that language is the male's ornament—in the peculiarly sexual sense which the term ornament acquires in the animal kingdom, it necessarily follows that the highest manifestations of language, *i.e.*, those which imply the most complete intellectual development, are precisely those which refer to love. This, indeed, we find to be the case with the poets. On the other hand, when the human animal is mentally tainted from birth, when he is the victim of that general lack of development to which the name of hereditary degeneration is given, it is—if our thesis is correct, and if there exist between the sexual zone and the anomalies presented by the physiological organisation of the plexus of Exner in those degenerates still relatively capable of social life the correlations we indicate—it is, we say, in the reproductive sphere that we should find the first important anomalies. And indeed we find clinically a connection of the highest importance between the manifestations of degeneracy in its first stages and all forms of sexual perversion, masochism, fetichism, sadism, etc. The instability of the one is

matched by the unbalanced condition of the other, just as the most complete cerebral development is allied with the highest developments of language, the language of poets, which receives its most constant inspiration from love.

We must, of course, recognise profound differences between diverse orders of poets. All those who write in verse are not worthy of the name; and in French literature Boileau will never rank as other than a talented *littérateur*. Despite the fact that he wrote about poetic genius, and defined the rules of verse and literary art, using verse as his medium, he is not himself a poet. We may say the same of Pope, who did not venture any further than the French critic did into amorous poetry. The *Lutrin* of the one, the *Rape of the Lock* by the other, are certainly masterpieces in the heroic-burlesque style, and in this respect the English author has even surpassed the French. But despite the medium they chose, and the preference given to verse over unrhymed prose, neither is exempt from Matthew Arnold's criticism of Dryden and Pope, both of whom he regarded merely as prose classics. It is the same with Corneille's dramas. The works of Racine are imbued with more poetry, more tenderness, more lyricism, if I may be allowed this term; but then he was a man of greater sensibility. Nearly all his heroes and heroines are the victims of love, and while he passes in review all human passions, it is in the description of this one that he excels. Thus in the field of drama, so sterile of true poetry, we find in Racine a personality which stands out in bold relief from among his rivals, merely because the sentiment in which he is steeped detaches him from the conventional and neutral background where the others disport themselves.

Moreover, we must remember that poetry can only flourish amid favourable surroundings in the social sense; and in this respect nothing can be more striking than the history of English literature. While the first among English poets, those who really formed the poetic language of the nation, are borne by the same wave of enthusiasm which we regard as the expression *par excellence* of poetic genius, towards the description of human passions, and among these of love, periods of political and religious struggle have the effect of extinguishing these aspirations and of debasing

poetry to a level of general mediocrity, if indeed silence does not engulf it.

To Chaucer (1382) and to his compeer Gower (1393) are due the first poems worthy of the name in the annals of English literature. They are love songs, delicate and melancholy, such as the history of the fair Cressida and the valiant Troilus of Chaucer; while Gower's verses, however, are somewhat spiritless and overloaded. It appears more probable that Chaucer was in love with the Duchess Blanche of Ghent; in any case he was deeply affected by her death.

Following on these two masters we come to the gentle and lovable figure of James the First of Scotland. The *King's Quair* is entirely attributable to the emotion he felt on beholding from the windows of Windsor Castle, where he was held prisoner since the age of 16 or 17 (1423), Joan of Beaufort, with whom he fell in love before he had ever had an opportunity of addressing her. In this case the poem is the direct offspring of the passion, and the fact that for the time it was the only outward expression which could be given to the powerful sentiment which obsessed its author, rendered it the more ardent. Set at liberty a little later, and married to the woman he loved, James the First composed only a few ballads, of which little has survived. Be this due to the cares of the throne or merely to the fact that the *état passionnel* was at an end, the fact remains that the poet was silent when the real cause of his poetic ardour no longer acted as stimulant.

We must go forward to the beginning of the following century to find a poetic movement of any intensity in England, a movement which, by the way, is apparently traceable to Scotch influence. The adventures of Grand Amour in the pursuit of Belle Pucelle in Stephen Hawes' *Pastime of Pleasure* is a romance which, by the style of its composition, appears to have been written in imitation of writings of much earlier date. We should not refer to it if it were not that, in spite of its tediousness and the affectation of its style, it is in reality a love song deformed by bad taste, but genuinely imbued with passion. Towards the same period Skelton published his works. We may name his *Chaplet of Laurel*, which contains passages inspired by a somewhat exaggerated lyricism. But at this

date Wyatt, hopelessly in love with Queen Anne Bullen, enters the field as the first lyric poet. To him we owe the first analysis of the love-malady which appears in English poetry, and his works are instinct with a deeply emotional spirit, as are also those of the Earl of Surrey (1516–47), whose passion for Geraldine, whether real or fictitious, in either case imparted a very sweet savour to his works. These two writers who sang of love, each from a standpoint of deep personal emotion, are so isolated in their period that we can find none to compare with them since James the First till Spenser (1552–1599), whose writings are excessively voluptuous in tone. The passion for beauty, the love and adoration of woman which irradiate from his *Faery Queen* (which did not appear until the close of his life) make of him one of the most remarkable poets of this period of renascence. We should not dissociate him from Sidney, whose *Astrophel and Stella* marks the zenith of the lyric movement, and whose poetry is distinguished by a singularly touching note of amorous tenderness.

We pass over a period of from fifty to sixty years, during which there stood forth one of the most powerful geniuses with whom we have to deal, and to whom we shall return by and by, and, amid the dense silence of mediocrity which followed the great figure of Shakespeare, we come in 1648 to Herrick's *Hesperides*. This poet-clergyman, who dwelt modestly in the country, published some little poems full of love, sparkling and lascivious, which reveal a state of singular exaltation, and an almost pagan love of nature. It may appear strange that we should regard the development of so poetic a mentality in a priest as favourable to our argument. But far from proving contradictory to us, this outburst of Aphrodite-inspired pagan sentiment appears to be the direct result of the continence which the author had on the other hand imposed on himself. Passion, when it takes the form of religion, is not the less passion for that, and these poems of Herrick's are a further proof of this point. After Herrick, poetry fell back into extreme mediocrity. Milton will claim our attention in due course, and we have already given our estimate of Pope's so elegantly rhymed prose. There lies between the dates of Spenser and Sidney and that of Wordsworth and Coleridge a long period of two centuries, during which real poetry

almost entirely disappeared from the domain of English literature. At the period of the French Revolution and under the influence of Ossian the attention of England was once again directed to pure poetry. In this respect Burns marks the first stage of transition (1786); Coleridge, passionate and sentimental, follows (1798) and we reach at last the zenith of love-poetry in one of the greatest of lovers, Byron. From 1809 to 1815 Byron went through a splendid period of genius-inspired productivity, and the impression he produced was all the deeper from the fact that the public was constantly tempted to regard the stories of his poems as autobiographical. This great lover and poet was, moreover, destined to exercise an enormous influence on the Continent over those whose fame rang loudest in the realms of poetry and erotic passion: Lamartine, Vigny, Victor Hugo, and De Musset; De Musset more especially, the most feeling, the most delicate, and the most amorous among the men of this category, found in Byron a master and a model. His work is animated by the Byronic breath, and his entire fame, though quite personal, may be regarded as the highest expression of the reflection which Byron's genius cast over the *élite* of the poets of his age.

To Byron poetry was purely passion. A similar note, but attenuated, is to be found in Shelley (1792–1822). Platonic love found in him an extremely delicate poet in the *Epipsychidion*; he sang of natural beauty in *Alastor*; *Adonaïs*, in the form of an Elegy, is full of highly elevated sentiment; but the author remained obscure and, unlike Byron, caused no *éclat* either by the passions of his life or by those of his writings. His talent did not suffice to enable him to emerge from the shadow cast around him by his great contemporary.

We reach at last quite modern times with Tennyson, who held undisputed sway in the literary field from 1842 to 1892, and who possessed the rare, we might say the unique, merit among poets, of maintaining his position in the first rank throughout his lengthy career.

Maud gives expression to an amorous, sentimental, almost feverish note. Tennyson next turned to drama, but here the poetic quality is less distinct. It reappears during the period from *Tiresias* to the *Death of Oenone*,

but in these the poet is no longer young (1885–1892). The hour of love is now nothing more than a memory, and hence his works give us the impression rather of reminiscences than of actual reality. Like Victor Hugo in the last years of his life, he is rather a clever chiseller manipulating the familiar medium with incomparable technical mastery than a creative genius, comparable in his power to the volcanic ardour of Byron. *Those whom the Gods love die young*: these words of a poet are singularly applicable to poets. At the hour when life flags, talent may survive, but the Muse is silent; and we cannot help thinking that, despite all the admiration with which England surrounded her great poet to the hour of his death, only those works which belong to his youth will ultimately survive.

The reader who has accompanied us thus far will perceive that poetic genius is merely the expression of the *état passionnel*, and that all great poets have been great lovers. There exist, however, especially in the annals of English literature, some notable exceptions, which, without very careful analysis, might appear to invalidate this view. But while we regard passion as the necessary condition for that higher expression of thought which we call poetry, and while this passion very generally takes the shape of love, it is nevertheless certain that the particular psychic condition which usually finds vent in amorous passion may be deviated from its normal course; that love when it is not sexual is none the less love; and that hatred may prove an equally forcible factor in the constitution of poetic genius as the contrary state of the soul.

Thus political and religious passion exalted to the extreme may be regarded as the two forces which inspired the works of such poets as Dante and Milton. The writings of Milton are distinctly the outcome of inspiration; and throughout the course of his life this poet gave sufficient and indisputable proof of the vehemence of his political and religious passions.

The causes which determine the development of poetic genius may anatomically and physiologically be powerful enough to produce from time to time in the history of nations one man whose powers of co-ordination and productive forces are such as to enable him easily to dominate

the mass of poets, even the greatest among these. Thus Shakespeare appears to us as an extraordinary up-blazing of the powers of literary genius, and our admiration of his supremacy is still further enhanced by the kind of mystery which surrounds his person. We are here in the presence of a mind which reflects all human passions, and thus Shakespeare rises above all those whose orientation in passion comes from a single source, and has declared itself only in the form most necessary to the preservation and development of the species.

But if it is true that the greatest among poets are those in whom the functional synergy of the language centres and the sexual sphere is most perfect, if it is true that the power of language belongs to, and is wielded most powerfully by, those who have been touched by Eros—be it James the First or Byron, De Musset or Lamartine—we must next inquire whether or no we shall find a counterpart to this hypothesis in studying the manifestations of poetic genius in woman.

While not wishing *a priori* to speak of superiority or inferiority, it is impossible to admit the existence in one of the sexes of a less close correlation between the psychical and sexual centres; and consequently intellectual identity is impossible. Moreover, the secondary sexual characteristics, not less than those which play the principal *rôle*, are of shorter duration in woman than in man, and she is smitten by involution much earlier than he is. The normal sexual function of woman, the production of the ova, entails, too, a much slighter erethic participation on the part of the nervous system than does fecundation in man, and is accompanied, even under quite normal conditions, by a modification of humour tending to irritable depression, maybe of toxic origin.

This fact suffices to prove the existence of important differences between the orientation of the sexes as regards language. We sometimes find, moreover, a singular reciprocity between the tone of a woman's voice and the state of activity or repose, of health or disease, of the sexual forces; and this fact tends to demonstrate the instability of such a correlation as manifests itself in the opposite sex in a much more definite manner from the moment of puberty.

POETIC GENIUS

An eminent French literary critic, M. Jean de Gourmont, has made a study of modern feminine poetry in France, and has passed in review the writings of most of those women who enjoy any renown in contemporary French literature. Now it appears from this study that the poetry of woman, far from translating, as is the case with man, amorous passion in its distinctly sexual sense, expresses rather a kind of uneasiness, an effort after equilibrium, after personal satisfaction and improvement. Woman's object in writing is to describe herself, and she describes herself in order clearly to formulate her need for eurhythmy, which she thus seeks to attain through the complete externalisation of herself. Woman being frequently frigid from the purely sexual point of view, it follows that we encounter this same frigidity in the expression of her cerebral erithism. In man the spinal and cerebral centres cannot remain indifferent to one another, and their reciprocal action is responsible both for poetic orientation and for sexual excitement, but woman's passivity in reproduction and the non-participation of the spinal centre, allow the cerebral centre to free itself easily from this synergic necessity. The erithism of the language centres, instead of bringing into play the sexual centres, merely affects the nearest verbal functions, and the psycho-motor manifestations which result from this express something rather in the nature of a substitution. Women are naturally emotional; and sometimes they succeed in translating their emotions into eloquent language and in a moving form; but the mere manifestation of the emotion suffices for its satisfaction. This manner of laying bare her soul is a gesture neither of offering nor of conquest, and woman contemplates herself in the mirror of her poetry without giving any token of that instinct of struggle and conquest which characterises the poetry of man.

Woman is perhaps also too frequently the victim of her own imagination; she creates for herself a fiction of love which is entirely unreal, and one feels in her poetry the expression of the disillusion she has suffered, and of the void which this quest after an absolute which existed only in her dreams has left her. There is a painful element in the poetic effort thus generated; something in the nature of a regret and of an attempt to reach a clearer under-

standing of its causes through the expression of her sadness. One of the most interesting figures in this respect in French literature is Madame Hélène Picard, whose intimate destiny was no doubt deeply affected by a series of painful events, and in whom the poetic impulse corresponds clearly to a need of expressing herself which life has not accorded her. She is indeed in an analogous position to Elizabeth Barrett, the suffering companion of Robert Browning, of whom we must shortly speak.

Woman is thus mainly preoccupied with herself, with her grievances; she hopes by describing the phases of sensibility to get a better grasp of them, and poetry is to her a kind of music, a contemplative art, when it does not merely take the place of a pastime, the reflection of her surroundings. Certain trivialities in verse, to which M. de Gourmont refers in his book, are not merely the reflection but the direct product of concurrent literary surroundings. The somewhat scoffing significance given in France to the term *blue-stocking* is due to the factitious value given to these products of *salon* collaborations.

If we re-address our attention to English literature, we shall find at the outset, shortly after Chaucer, towards 1450, a woman-writer whose name has not survived, author of the *Flower and the Leaf* and the *Assembly of Ladies*. The style is an imitation of Chaucer, the subject borrowed from two French poets, Eustache Deschamps and Mechault. Thus while we mention it as being a feminine work, it is in fact little more than a sham, and we should not have referred to it if the names of women poets had been less rare during the long series of years we have traversed in speaking of men. It is a striking fact indeed that England has produced very few women poets. We are obliged to mention as such Dorothy Wordsworth, whose intimacy with her brother and with Coleridge gives her the right to be considered as a poet, owing to the influence she exercised over them and the probable share she had in their works. Christina Rossetti may be regarded as the writer who, since Coleridge, best understood poetic song; but with her poetry was rather the manifestation of a quest after purely æsthetic satisfaction, a form of self-assuagement, which makes of her art a kind of music in honour of physical beauty. We can thus only cite as a poet Elizabeth Barrett, whose love for

Browning inspired a masterpiece: the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Miss Barrett was deeply in love with the man whose wife she became, yet we find a heavy sadness and a mournful note of complaining in her verses:—

> ". . . But I look on thee . . . on thee,
> Beholding, besides love, the end of love,
> Hearing oblivion beyond memory!
> As one who sits and gazes from above,
> Over the rivers to the bitter sea."

Yet this woman who had studied deeply, and who was swayed by a very lofty poetic ambition, produced beside these delicious verses certain works of which the clumsiness and the vague and obscure form can only be interpreted as the expression of shattered health. She tries to give an impression of force and succeeds only in imparting one of convulsive violence. After her death her husband revealed himself to be a remarkable poet, and it is not the least important confirmation of what we have asserted that in the woman we find love to be the origin of suffering and disharmony, while in the man it produces the expansion of his genius.

The feminine spirit has been far more fertile in England in the field of romance. The admirable Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, and Maria Edgeworth, are all remarkable writers; and it would be unjust not to recognise the influence, and above all the high moral value, of some of their writings. But here we find woman in her educational *rôle*. We are no longer in the domain of poetry, and the very difference which manifests itself so clearly in England between the intellectual trend of the two sexes shows how little poetry is the province of woman, and how artificial is the movement in France towards this kind of production.

Poetry is undoubtedly the highest expression of language, and as such the characteristic of the male, to whom among human beings, as among other animals, appertains the ornament. The anatomic and physiological relations which, as we have shown, prove the connection between the verbal and the sexual spheres, assure to man the same superiority over woman in the realm of letters which he possesses in material respects. In woman, the continual recurrence of physical crises, never indifferent to, and some-

times exercising an important correlative influence over the cerebral functions, does not allow the phases of internal sensibility ever to pass into the second rank; and the effect of this is ceaselessly to deteriorate and divert her poetic genius.

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Mr. Poel and the Theatre

By Edward Garnett

In May, 1908, the writer attended a public meeting at the Lyceum Theatre, called to amalgamate the rival schemes for a Shakespeare Memorial and the endowment of a National Theatre. Sitting on the stage, looking up at the rising tiers of seats packed with an enthusiastic audience from floor to gallery, one grew bored and uneasy at the hollow, platitudinous tone of the speeches. The atmosphere of the platform seemed tense with rival interests, and I remarked to my companion that many of the eminent persons appeared to be more occupied with their own position than with the great object in view—the National Theatre. "Axes to grind!" was his terse rejoinder. Of course, my companion must have wronged the illustrious few, but the emptiness of their rhetorical flights left one pondering. And as the public, chilled and disappointed, filed out of the building, one felt the vast stature of Shakespeare and his infinite remoteness from the cloud of little people fussily circling like flies round his pedestal.

Five years have passed since that meeting, and we seem no nearer to possessing a National Theatre; indeed, to judge from the irresolute debate last month on Mr. Mackinder's motion, which was "talked out" in the House of Commons, the project is receding on the misty horizon. And yet it seems strange that when a poor member of the General Committee can contribute £5, viz., one hundred thousandth part of the sum required, the aristocracy and the plutocracy, the great capitalists and merchant princes, the big manufacturers, the rich shipowners, the great bankers and brewers, the county magnates, the stockbrokers, and all the other props of the realm, should have subscribed together all told the miserable sum of—what is it?—twelve or is it twenty thousand pounds? But what interest

do our wealthy men ever show in the endowment of Art, Letters, or the Drama?

Mr. William Poel, in his luminous book of essays, *Shakespeare in the Theatre*,* points out the serious errors and flaws that seam the proposals adopted by the Executive Committee of "The National Theatre." As it is my intention merely to call attention to his criticisms, I simply summarise them briefly as follows:—(*a*) The building of a new theatre is likely to swallow up an excessive proportion of the capital raised; (*b*) the proposals for maintaining the endowment fund are inadequate; (*c*) so many powers are concentrated in the hands of the Director as to make the National Theatre "a one-man show."

It is a relief to turn from watching this mountain in labour to the record of what one man, in his disinterested devotion to the Drama, has accomplished. When one reads the impressive list of the Elizabethan Society's productions, 1893–1913, which include revivals of fourteen of Shakespeare's plays; representations of Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Ford, Ben Jonson; of *Everyman*, *Jacob and Esau*, *Arden of Feversham*, &c.; of Milton, Goldsmith, Swinburne; of Euripides, "Sákuntalá," Molière, Schiller, &c.; and when one studies Mr. Montague's appreciation in *Dramatic Values* of the artistic beauty of Mr. Poel's presentations, as well as the public tributes paid him by Mr. Granville Barker and other expert judges, one asks how it is that Mr. Poel is still in a negligible position so far as the intelligent and play-going public is concerned? From the average actor-manager's standpoint, Mr. Poel is an enthusiastic fanatic dowered with the eccentricity of genius. Which is to say, that in his artistic and scholarly conscience Mr. Poel is miles ahead of his generation and leagues ahead of his newspaper critics. But Mr. Poel, with the instinct of a mediæval craftsman who, absorbed in his work, can accept no stultifying compromise, made his appeal to the intelligent *élite*, and his stage productions, inspired by his trained and subtle sense, received some modest support, or favouring recognition, from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, Owen's College, Lincoln's Inn, the Temple, the Charterhouse,

* *Shakespeare in the Theatre.* By William Poel. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1913.) 5*s*.

Stratford-on-Avon, &c. He preferred to be unfettered, to come and go where he pleased, and so with his scanty means he was compelled to make a fresh start with each production in turn, and surmount as best he could the same recurring difficulties of presentation. Mr. Poel achieved his object indeed, but grave is the penalty we pay for the impromptu method forced on him, viz., that he never established himself in a London theatre where his standards of skill, taste, and originality might flourish and perpetuate a school of fine traditions. Nevertheless, his influence and example have slowly made themselves felt, and are filtering back to us to-day through theatrical channels which we scarcely suspect. But what a commentary on our national genius for muddling along and our failure to support our original men is this case of Mr. Poel! Thus Mr. Forbes Robertson, as has been pointed out, turns his back on us and spends five years in touring America with *The Third Floor Back*; while many of our ablest actors disappear from London for years, finding nothing better to do than to perambulate the Colonies or the provinces with fourth-rate "popular successes" long grown stale and vapid. Ours is, let us grant, a hopelessly inartistic society, and one may be sceptical, despite all the talk about Repertory Theatres improving our taste and bringing the intelligent public back to the theatre, whether this generation has made any progress worth counting in developing taste for good drama. Mr. Poel asserts in his paper on "Shakespeare at Earl's Court":—

"In the interpretation of Shakespeare's characters, and in the intelligent reading of his text, there seems to be no progress made and no individuality shown. In these matters we are still in the middle of the eighteenth century, the most artificial age in the history of Shakespearean drama. As a consequence, Shakespeare's plays are not taken seriously by actors of to-day. To them his characters are theatrical types, which are not supposed to conform to the conditions that govern human beings in everyday life. They do not recognise that Shakespeare's art and his characters were as true to the life of his day as is the art of Shaw or Galsworthy to our own. Yet because the construction of his play is unsuited to the modern stage, therefore it is contended that Shakespeare is a bad constructor of plays, and any liberties may be taken in the matter of reconstruction that are convenient to the producer. So it comes there is always an apology on the actor's lips for 'Shakespeare's shortcomings,' whenever the actor wants to take liberties with this author. It is Shakespeare who is always in the wrong and never the actor. Ask the actress who impersonates Olivia why she is not wearing a black dress, and she replies without a moment's hesitation that black is not becoming to her, as if it were an impertinence on Shakespeare's part to expect her to wear

black. The havoc that is made with the characterisation and story is of no consequence. 'Oh, hang Shakespeare!' was what a popular Shakespearean actor once said to the present writer. That is the normal attitude of many actors towards Shakespeare's plays, and one which will continue unless public opinion can be roused to recognise its responsibilities, and that a more reverent and loyal treatment shall be bestowed on the work of the world's greatest poet and dramatist" (p. 215).

And this precisely is Mr. Poel's distinction, that in his intimate understanding of the æsthetic laws of the Elizabethan stage, in his appreciation of Shakespeare as the greatest master of dramatic construction and technique the English stage has known, he stands alone among "actor-managers." He alone through his scholarly researches as well as his trained actor's sense has comprehended that "dramatic art in the Elizabethan age, both in its composition and expression, was at its high-water mark." And he alone by actual production has reversed the "traditional" practice of bringing Shakespeare's art down to our level by mutilations, by guillotining it with "drop scenes," and by cramping the swing and balance of its effects behind the "proscenium arch." He alone has restored the Elizabethan stage itself with the precise conditions under which our supreme dramatist practised and developed his craft. Mr. Poel's influence, as I have said before, is being felt, as Mr. Granville Barker's recent production of *Twelfth Night*, notable for its features of superior flow and flexibility, bears witness. Better a half-way house than the pillared and pilastered temple of Thespis, of eighteenth-century tradition, which, Mr. Poel points out, came into being with the pseudo-classical drama of the period and was quite out of touch with Elizabethan times. But Mr. Poel's vindication of Shakespeare's art and method of production makes clear the necessity of endowing and maintaining some modest theatre where the Elizabethan drama can have justice done it in the future—a theatre where Mr. Poel's high standard of scholarly integrity and enthusiasm may be maintained and cherished. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the ordinary popular actor-manager who is commissioned by municipal authorities or executive committees of Festivals, &c., cannot be relied on to interpret or reproduce on the stage "the spirit and intellect of Elizabethan times." In his crushing criticism of the Shakespearean "excerpts" presented at the Earl's Court

Exhibition, Mr. Poel shows how, in respect of staging, costumes, and action, the performances were a libel on the Elizabethan stage. Nor was the Haymarket revival of *King Lear*, though loudly heralded for the collaboration of art-directors and literary-directors, with all its beauty of scenery and original effects in costumes, lighting, &c., much better than a travesty of the great tragedy. That production left the audience dazzled, perhaps, but cold and sceptical; and Mr. Poel points out how, "with the exception of Goneril and Regan, every character was falsified and distorted." In short, the actor-manager and the actors had their way with the piece, and "having spent half the evening in drawling out the words of the first two acts, the blue pencil was used for the remaining three with a freedom and ignorance that should never have been sanctioned." The common excuse put forward for such clumsy mutilations of Shakespeare text is the alleged "excessive length" of the dramas—an excuse which Mr. Poel disposes of by showing that "Shakespearean verse was spoken on the stage of the Globe easily and rapidly, and that artists of the French school, whose voices are highly trained and capable of a varied and subtle modulation, will run through a speech of fifty lines with the utmost ease and rapidity." Again our author, with the most apt illustrations and wealth of detailed learning, in his brilliant paper on *Romeo and Juliet*, shows how the "Irving stage version" mutilates the tragic significance of *Romeo and Juliet* by curtailing the scenes of hatred between the rival houses, the Montagues and Capulets, and thereby throws the love episode out of dramatic perspective. But, to sum up the whole matter, it will be best to quote Mr. Poel's brief *résumé* of his arguments:—

"Shakespeare's dramatic art, which is unique of its kind, cannot to-day be properly understood or appreciated on the stage for the following reasons:—(1) Because editors print the plays as if they were five-act dramas, which they are not; (2) because actors, in their stage versions, mutilate the 'fable,' and interpolate pictorial effects where none are intended; (3) because, also, actors use a faulty and artificial elocution, unsuited to the poet's verse. These causes, combined, oust Shakespeare's original plays from the theatre, and impose in their place pseudo-classical dramas, which are not of his making, nor of his time. To remedy this evil it is necessary to insist that the early Quartos alone represent Shakespeare's form of construction and his method of representation, and that for the purpose of determining the text these same Quartos should be collated with the First Folio, with occasional reference to modern editions. Cheap fac-

similes of the Quartos, as well as of the Folio, should be accessible to actors, and from these an attempt should be made to standardise stage versions of Shakespeare's most popular plays, and these stage versions should be the joint work of scholars and actors" (p. 60).

Mr. Poel, I believe, after thirty years of stage experience and his long labours and devotion to the aims of "The Elizabethan Stage Society," holds that his work is nearing completion, and that he may soon leave the field to younger men. But I should like to ask point blank whether we can afford to see him retire till such time at least as he has selected and trained up some disciple who may be trusted to work in his method and establish his standards of scholarly taste and fine craftsmanship. So much depends on the guiding spirit of the man, and so little can we count on any Society's programme! And thinking over Mr. Poel's fine example, and the many scattered, unsynchronised attempts that we see year after year to raise the vulgar standards of metropolitan drama, one asks oneself whether a new organisation is not needed to knit together many converging threads that now lie loose and trailing. The relatively small, refined public which supports artistic drama, modern, foreign, or classical, looks to Mr. Granville Barker, of course, to uphold the finer standard. But besides Mr. Barker's theatre and those of other "progressive" managers, such as the Royalty, which exist on the ordinary commercial basis, we need a modern Theatre to serve as a focus and rallying ground not only for such productions as "The Elizabethan Stage Society" has given us in the past, but for various kindred dramatic ventures of foreign classical and modern pieces, a theatre in which the provincial repertory companies might arrange to give special performances, one where we might also see revivals of plays which though "artistic successes" have lain dormant for commercial reasons. Such a Theatre, if established, might, I suggest, be run partly on the basis of an annual subscription, say three guineas, from each member of a body of patrons, just as the London Library is now run. But the Theatre should, of course, also make its appeal in the ordinary manner to the public paying at the doors. With a varied, catholic programme, this Theatre should soon attract and collect the units of that "special public" which is reached with such difficulty by intermittent, isolated announcements, or

is reached too late when the performances are closing. The primary aim of such a Theatre, I repeat, should be to help to subsidise that class of production of which Mr. Poel's performances are the leading example, and to bring together a superior audience which might wish to patronise it from genuine interest or curiosity. The Director and the Committee, having arranged the season's programme, which might include a production of its own, of the work of some promising young dramatist, would hand over the theatre in turn to each separate company or special producer with whom it had made arrangements for a particular performance or dramatic programme, the managerial staff being at hand for the ordinary routine and mechanical work of the theatre. The receipts of each performance would be divided, in varying percentage, between the Theatre and the visiting Companies on the system that is now customary in the provinces. Such a modest Theatre, if once started, should be inexpensive to run, and the body of its subscribing patrons would have the satisfaction of subsidising in part, and helping to create and keep in being that very class of artistic and intellectual drama, modern or classical, which now languishes for lack of backing and from the general failure to reach, organise, and hold together the cultured class of playgoer.

The Tenth Viscount

A Tale of Blood

By Robert Aitken

I.

"I'm 'ere on an errant—a most particular errant," said Day, with a sudden assumption of dignity, "an' I wish you chaps'd lemme alone!"

The loungers in the Land of Lilies teahouse laughed again, long and loudly, without restraint. Even the little snub-nosed geishas, whose lot in life it was to sweeten for a brief space that bitter cup, the portion of their patrons, ventured to tinge their trade smiles with a tincture of more open mirth than might always suit the purposes and the pocket of Madam, their mistress, who was watching over the comfort of her clients from behind the kakemono which served to screen herself from observation.

But they all knew Harry Day, the derelict, the man without a country, and his present pose was entirely too much for their gravity. The attitude he had adopted in response to the jovial general greeting did not become him any better than the clothes he was wearing; and his ridiculous costume had already set the backwaters of bohemian Zanzibar a-ripple with malicious amusement.

A soiled white Arab haik above a torn pair of checked tweed trousers set off with comical incongruity a weakly good-humoured face, whose chief feature was its absolute featurelessness, and a stunted frame which conformed to no known standard of symmetry.

The dignified Mr. Day peered out upon his underworld through a pair of colourless eyes, lacking eyebrows and lashes alike. His nose was notably unobtrustive, and his chin—had he possessed one—would, no doubt, have been equally insignificant; but he was renowned, from Mom-

basa to the Sabi-mouth and far inland, as the Chinless Wonder, and no one could ever chuckle more contentedly over the offensive sobriquet than he himself. It pleased the public humour to patronise in an ironical spirit the reputedly half-witted hero of the hundred best stories on the East Coast, and he did not, as a rule, resent it.

The very plainest and most unvarnished version of his private history would fill many folios. He had first stepped ashore in Africa, a mere boy, from the deck of an evil-smelling dhow, which had put into Magdisho with a cargo of human cattle, some three months after Turki of Oman had wrested place and power from Abdul Aseer and sent several such shiploads of his deposed brother's unfortunate favourites into foreign slavery.

Those had been stirring times, and Day had helped to stir them. He had been bandied from tribe to tribe, from camp to kasbah, from the possession of one master to that of another, at very frequent intervals.

Black, brown, and yellow men in turn had bought him dear on account of his colour, and sold him cheap on account of his conduct. He had played the part of a stormy petrel in many strange places, incident following him faithfully, until his ultimate Arab owner had brought him to Zanzibar shortly after Ali bin Hamud issued the decree which made all men free and equal on the islands.

So that the ex-slave had learned to know his Dark Continent a good deal more intimately than most men know London, or Paris, or New York. Thames and Seine and Hudson together would scarce suffice to swell one of the vast waterways that the smirking nondescript in the Zanzibari teahouse had helped to navigate, under the lash. He could and, on occasion, would speak with easy familiarity of Nile and Niger, Congo and Zambesi, while the tongues in which he spoke—from Shillah and Tamashek to pure Arabic, from French to Swahili, Hamburg German to Cockney English—might well have confounded any professor of languages.

Withal he was a merry little man, and much contact with many rolling stones of a grain rougher than his own had polished him to a slippery smoothness of speech and manner. His only deep-rooted belief lay in rum, Jamaica rum, bottled under the Black Cat brand, and obtainable in

the Land of Lilies by any inmate of that delectable retreat who had the money to pay for it.

He had no money at the moment, but was not without a vaguely obscure hope that he would have some soon; and, meantime, there might be one more affluent than himself among those present.

He could not see any of them, since the scanty supply of daylight, which should otherwise have penetrated to the dungeon-like interior, had been almost cut off by thick curtains, and each guest was lying on a low divan within his own alcove, protected by the *papier-mâché* partitions which Madam Osaki had imported from Japan, and at enormous expense, for that purpose; or so at least she was wont to assert when anyone was venturesome enough to question her tariff of overcharges. But he had recognised them by their voices. They were all his brothers in misfortune, and of whom might a man beg or borrow with better grace?

He clapped his hands, and to the huge negro who answered the summons said shortly, "Lights."

Two tiny Nubians, black pearls of price despite the official edict concerning slavery, came trotting in with torches that cast uncertain light and shadow about the bizarre apartment, and as they took up their stands beside the massive pillars by the doorway, a girl crept forth from the recess wherein she had been polishing an opium-pipe, and crawled across the cushioned floor toward him.

"What's up, Mistal Day?" she cooed in her most liquid English, and twined her arms about his ankles.

He patted patronisingly the glossy black head at his knees, and restraining with an evident effort the impulse which bade him bring himself to a more comfortable and accustomed level with it, spoke very drily.

"Gimme something to drink, O Miya San," he requested, and she rose obediently.

"*Cha?*" she suggested. "Tea?" But he frowned scornfully, jingling together the empty brass cartridge-cases in his trousers pocket.

"Rum," said he, in a stern tone. "Rum—for all 'ands."

Someone coughed in a corner. Someone else, less

courteous, laughed audibly at the audacity of the order. But Mr. Day was in no wise abashed.

"Run along," he urged. "I'll pay for it presently."

O Miya San glanced rather anxiously in Madam Osaki's direction, but concluded to obey his behest, even at the risk of her week's wage.

She brought back with her the big negro bearing a brass tray, upon which stood a black bottle and many tumblers.

One of the linkboys brandished his torch with a careless movement of the wrist. It flared up fragrantly, and, while the extra illumination lasted, the sable butler went to and fro among the company, dispensing liberal allowances of the liquor.

Much clinking of glasses, to a covert accompaniment of feminine giggling and masculine guffaws, followed upon his footsteps, until at length he reached the founder of the feast, with an empty bottle.

"Bring another," said Day indifferently, and sat down cross-legged, his back against a pillar, beside O Miya San.

"Three cheers for Day's errant!" cried a stentorian voice, and with that happy inspiration there was renewed uproar.

It lasted until a prolonged knocking sounded from without, and was succeeded by a very pregnant silence, amid which there was ushered in upon them one who stopped short between the torches, blinking at the scene before him like a blind owl.

This most unusual newcomer was conspicuous in a closely-fitting frockcoat and light trousers whose cut spoke plainly of Poole. His feet were encased in diminutive patent-leather boots. A tall and exceedingly stiff white collar encompassed his long neck. His head was bare, for that he carried in one hand a high hat of surpassing shininess, and was also bald. In the other he held tightly a small black bag.

He hovered indeterminately on the threshold, but no one spoke.

"I had an—er—appointment with—er—Mr. Day, at this—er—time and place," he at last announced to the nearest Nubian, who thereupon displayed to him, in token of the perfect misunderstanding which must continue to exist between them, an alarming area of teeth.

"'Ave the goodness to step forward, sir," said Mr. Day, from the floor and rather floridly. "I am 'im 'oom thou art seekin'."

"My name is—er—Gadget," exclaimed the nervous stranger, and trod short-sightedly upon O Miya San. "I am Mr.—er—Gadget, Junior."

"How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" Mr. Day replied hurriedly. "Just take that 'oof of yours off this lady's leg, an' come to anchor by the stern, will you?

"Get the gent a glass, Hamed; an' gimme the corkscrew. Glad t' meet you, Mr. R. Gadget, Junior. 'Ave some rum?"

Mr. Gadget, Jr., suffering severely from suppressed agony of mind, had, however, sufficient wit left to shake his head decidedly as he sank clumsily floorward at a safer distance from O Miya San.

"No, thank you," he declared in his most positive manner. "I never—er—drink during business hours."

"Neither do I," Mr. Day made haste to assure him, and scowled at the grinning faces which had appeared above the partitions.

Mr. Gadget also glanced that way, and became still more obviously embarrassed. He was having a little personal difficulty with a certain O Umo San, who, kneeling humbly before him, her forehead on his feet, was entreating the august and honourable unknown to accept her as his unworthy handmaid.

"Is there any—er—less public apartment in which we might——" he was beginning, when Mr. Day abruptly interrupted him.

"We're all friends 'ere," said that broad-minded cosmopolitan, with an expression of pained surprise, "or I wouldn't 'ave—— Let up, let up, O Umo San, till I introduce the other gents."

He stumbled to his feet, and after some whispered conference brought forth in person the occupant of each compartment in the *chaya*. These he arranged in a sniggering circle about his visitor, whom he favoured during the process with a concise epitome of their ostensible peculiarities and actual pseudonyms.

There was Whalley, the Englishman, an eater of husks from his youth upward, and still averse to veal; Saracen,

the Frenchman, a silent anomaly; Mike McMiv, of Mullingar, who had adopted his *alias* from the legal document which dispossessed him of his home, under date Anno Domini MCMIV; the white-headed Crowe, formerly of Cochin China, but who had once hailed from God's Own Country; Schwind, an ex-Uhlan, who owed but did not pay allegiance to William the Second; and last, but by no means least, Shellister, the lengthy Scot, than whom no man among them had dug deeper into the pit which pays its prospectors an unfailing dividend of perdition.

Mr. Gadget's gorge rose at the idea of taking any such selection of scoundrels into his carefully-guarded confidence, but on that point Mr. Day proved adamantine.

"You can say what you've got to say out loud, mister," he declared truculently, "or keep your troubles to yourself. I don't care w'ich it is."

He fortified himself against fresh argument with another gulp of rum, and lolled luxuriously back against his pillar, proud of the impression he was making, as unruly a little ruffian as ever vexed the tender heart of a respectable solicitor.

But it is an accepted axiom at law that there will be few profits for such of its limbs as have not learned to subdue their personal feelings, and Mr. Gadget, Jr., recalled that to his memory most opportunely.

He opened his black bag, drew forth a number of bulky legal-looking documents, and eyed Mr. Day intently.

"Buck up a bit, young six-an'-eight! Get busy!" begged McMiv.

"I must ask you to inform me," began Mr. Gadget, Jr., addressing himself exclusively to the object of his regard and pointedly ignoring the individual who had thus adjured him, "I must ask you to inform me how, when, and where you met the messenger my firm had sent to seek you."

"Before goin' any further into these 'orrible details," returned Mr. Day, with equal directness, "I must ask *you* for the loan o' ten rupees cash. It's cost me close on four months to get to this 'armonious mothers' meetin', an' time's money with me, mister."

Mr. Gadget, Jr., with a petulant gesture, pulled forth an English sovereign and passed it over. Day tossed it

to O Miya San, with the remark, in pidgin-Japanese, that it would pay his score and provide a fresh bottle for the party. That duly produced, he cleared his throat, turned his tumbler upside down, sighed deeply, and spoke:

"The Juba country, from w'ich I 'ave thus returned," he commenced quite casually, "after an absence of over a year from all the lucksheries in w'ich my friends 'ere 'ave been wallowin' worse than the beasts that perish, is a most remarkable dry spot. Very near as dry as I am at this identical minnit! Be that as it may, I 'ave no 'esitation in admittin' that I was chasin' up and down the desert with some coffee-coloured bounders that in'abit there, w'en I come across a caravan out o' the Sus with slaves for sale, among 'oom was an Englishman they 'ad scooped up by the way, 'e bein' then engaged in trottin' around Africa kind o' careless-like with a message for me.

"I 'ad some little chat with the sheik in charge about 'is want o' manners in interruptin' my correspondence, an' not wishin' to waste words, bought the bloomin' messenger back from 'im with a quick-firin' gun I 'appened to find 'andy."

Saracen, the Frenchman, laughed noiselessly. He had lost a repeating rifle on the eve of Mr. Day's departure from Zanzibar and for parts unknown, a year before.

"That caused a good deal more dryness all round," continued the unconscious narrator, "owin' to w'ich I 'ad to borrow two o' their best 'orses an' come away quite unceremonious, bringin' with me the totterin' tulip 'oo 'ad 'eretofore delivered unto me the anecdote 'e was 'ired to do so.

"'Im I sent back to 'is sorrowin' parients per favour of a Yank explorer I found cavortin' about the White Nile in some tin canoes, with these words: 'Take 'im 'ome to dear old England. Take 'im 'ome acrost th' sea,' I says slow and solemn, 'an' tell Messrs. Gadget an' Partners, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., that on this day six months, viz., the ninth o' June, at six p.m. to a second, I'll be stoppin' in at Madam Osaki's *chaya* in Zanzibar. If they wish to tell me anythin' to my advantage, as this paralyser insinuates, let 'em be there then an' knock with both 'ands on the outer door.

"I then pursued my 'umble path up-river to th' Lakes,

w'ence I 'ave repaired 'ither as promised, partly by land an' partly by sea, but altogether on my uppers.

"Now, 'and me one o' them bottles, if *you* please."

The loungers in the Land of Lilies teahouse accepted the conclusion of this simple story with becoming gravity.

The tale of its teller's travels they could well believe, since more than one of them was ready to vouch from personal experience for former expeditions equally foolhardy; and they themselves thought little enough of journeys which to most thinking men would mean months of previous preparations, mountains of subsequent manuscript. But in the matter of the mysterious messenger they reserved the right to their own opinions, and meantime awaited any remarks which Mr. Gadget, Jr., might have to make.

"Your statement, in so far as I can judge, seems essentially correct," said that gentleman a little reluctantly, after consulting the notes with which he was plentifully supplied.

"I may perhaps mention, Mr.—er—I may perhaps mention that my firm has spent a great deal of time—a great deal of time, and still more—er—money——"

"You can't get any of it back from me," interpolated Mr. Day, suspiciously, "'cos I've blued all you giv' me."

"——And still more money in tracing you. We have carefully collated every available item of evidence connected with your case, from the distant date on which you, a mere child on the way home from India in the care of a nurse, were shipwrecked near Muscat, on the Oman coast, and carried into slavery," (Mr. Day reached abstractedly for the rum, and drank the speaker's health in dumb show), "through many of the almost incredible adventures you have since survived, up to the moment when you so gallantly rescued one of our unfortunate agents from the marauding Arabs into whose hands he had fallen while seeking news of you. May I inquire, Mr.—er—may I inquire whether you have any identifiable marks about your person?"

"You make me giddy," Day answered indifferently, "but I don't mind tellin' you what everybody else 'ere knows—there's a sort of a red splash, shaped like a man's 'and, up there on one of my shoulders—see?"

He slipped back a fold of his haik and signed to the boys behind to bring their torches nearer.

Mr. Gadget looked, and looked again before he was satisfied.

"It's the family birthmark," he cried excitedly, "and I have every reason to believe, Mr.—er—I have every reason to believe that I am now addressing the tenth Viscount Lanimer, in the peerage of England, Baron Halliday of Scotland and Nova Scotia."

He beamed about him triumphantly, but no one spoke. A stertorous breathing behind Madam Osaki's screen showed that she was watching, wide awake, the conduct of the conference.

Mr. Day sat up, stretched himself, and looked back at the author of this astounding statement with a doleful yawn.

"If you would wear a 'at on your silly 'ead instead of a shinin' chimney-can," he suggested, with considerable asperity, "you wouldn't suffer so much from sunstroke!"

II

When Mellins, the American explorer, passed through London on his way homeward from the White Nile, some member of his staff told the newspaper people of the strange couple encountered in the Juba desert, one of whom had actually travelled back to England in their own company, but close as an oyster concerning the business which had taken him so far afield; and of the still stranger message with which the other had entrusted them before he rode away, alone and unafraid, to face such liabilities as lurk among the uncharted sands.

And the newspaper people, instant and insistent on such a trail, were presently able to provide their readers with a solid sensation for the silly season in the shape of the now notorious incidents connected with the Lanimer succession.

There was, firstly, the finding of the long-lost heir, which provided whole pages of picturesque copy, and might in itself have been deemed a godsend but for the still more inspiriting discovery that he had been found

wanting. The new Lord Lanimer was not, in the accepted sense of the word and according to the special correspondents, a gentleman; his manners and morals, indeed, were more like those of a professional pirate.

He had refused, for example, to leave his subterranean den in Zanzibar save and except in the company of an altogether impossible person described, for the sake of economy in cabling, as "Omiyasan."

He had convened a great gathering from among the highways and hedges of that city, and entertained it to unlimited rum—at the expense of his attendant solicitor; whom he and his friends had forced to swallow several glasses of that spirit, with the most deplorable results.

He had caused to be executed a deed of gift whereby his old friend Madam Osaki would benefit, for the term of her natural life, to the extent of twelve hogsheads of "black cats" per annum.

He had invited the Sultan to a pink tea at that lady's palace; which the Sultan had not thought fit to attend.

He had offered to fight the Sultan for the price of a pint.

The Sultan had ignored his offer.

These and a hundred other garbled statements were transmitted to the metropolis by wire at heavy cost, and while the general public gloated over them, Messrs. Gadget and Partners groaned in unison; but they were enabled to bear up under the bitterest blow by the reflection that it would all afford their firm a good gratuitous advertisement.

They therefore wrote encouraging letters to their own representative on the spot, and urged him to display an equal fortitude under affliction. For Mr. Gadget, Jr., according to his written word, was undergoing grievous pain and anguish for their sake; and would require some more money—quite a lot.

They let him have all he asked for, without question or delay, and were relieved to learn a little later that his lordship had at last consented to set forth for his native land, under the strict proviso that passage thither be also provided for his nearest and dearest to the number of six.

"Let them all come," said the immediate response to this pathetic appeal; and Mr. Gadget, Jr., wondered why

the cable clerk laughed softly to himself as he copied it out.

During the time it took to transfer the hero of the hour from his former haunts to the fresh sphere of usefulness which was so anxiously awaiting him, the papers entertained their patrons with paragraphs relating to his predecessor's walk and conduct, which would seem to have been almost as consistently crooked as his own.

Witness his most rancorous hatred of that financially unfortunate but otherwise very estimable young man, Mr. Humphrey Halliday, M.P. for the Lanimer boroughs, who had been heir-presumptive to the title since the accidental death, during a steeplechase in which both young men had taken part, of the old man's only son, and previous to the discovery of the present viscount; and who, but for the *soi-distant* Harry Day's supposed existence, would long ago have entered into his kingdom.

But the late lord had left no single stone unturned to debar him therefrom; had even, and of malice aforethought, mortgaged the entailed estates to their uttermost acre, amassing, by these and other questionable means, an enormous personal fortune, of which he might dispose by his own free will and testament, and which he had left in trust, subject to certain private provisions, for the prosecution of the search that in the end had resulted so successfully.

There was no hope now for Mr. Humphrey Halliday, while the ex-slave would be well able to lighten the accumulated burdens under which his property had so long been languishing, and still remain a millionaire.

With such interesting and instructive, if doubtfully authentic, details was the fickle interest of the community kept focussed on the case; and they were eked out with highly-coloured accounts of some astonishing escapades on the part of certain passengers at ports of call *en route* from Zanzibar to London, where these finally arrived, two days overdue, on a wet night and in a fog, so that there were only the reporters on the pier to meet them.

About an hour later, what time frequenters of the Savoy were flocking in to supper, there drove into the Strand courtyard of that great hotel four hansoms, from the first of which alighted the Right Honourable the Viscount

Lanimer, of Castle Lanimer, Norfolkshire, and Inverhalliday, N.B., unbecomingly arrayed in a crumpled serge suit and a broken-brimmed straw hat which had served him for full dress since he had discarded his haik. With him was M. Saracen, who had grown a great beard lest he should cut himself while shaving at sea, and at irregular intervals followed Messrs. Schwind and Whalley, Shellister and Crowe, McMiv and Gadget, Jr., the last-named in a panic of apprehension, which proved but too well founded.

"Cough up a gold medal for each o' these chariot-drivers," his lordship requested of him; and, the half-sovereigns duly distributed, although the extravagance of it cost the careful lawyer a cruel twinge, he was taken by the arm and led laggingly through the fashionable throng toward the reception bureau.

"I want to 'ire this 'otel," his leader announced very audibly to the bland clerk who confronted them there, "an' his whiskers 'ere 'll pay the price. 'E 'olds the bank."

"The hotel is not at present for hire, sir," replied the imperturbable employee, "and"—with an appraising survey of the would-be hirer's retinue—"I'm afraid we haven't even a single room unoccupied."

Lord Lanimer grunted disgustedly.

"D'ye sell rum?" he demanded; and Mr. Gadget writhed under the overt smiles bestowed at every hand upon himself and his companions.

"In the bar, sir," said the clerk. "Front! Show these gentlemen to the bar, James."

"An' I say!" concluded his lordship still more loudly, "if your old 'otel's full to overflowin', me an' my few friends'll just doss down in the stable. See?"

It was entirely due to the admirable diplomacy of Mr. Gadget, Jr., that the jocund party which strolled out of the Savoy, by request, toward one o'clock in the morning, did not see daylight from behind the bars in Bow Street; but that long-suffering legal luminary eventually succeeded in smoothing the lawful authorities down to such extent that the uninterested adventurers were permitted to proceed, under his bond for their subsequent good behaviour, to an unassuming but highly expensive hostelry which

Whalley had been wont to patronise in his own more palmy days, and still remembered.

There they remained for an uproarious fortnight, spending money like water, perpetrating every possible folly, while the wide world rang with the scandal of it. But on the forenoon of the fifteenth day they disappeared, and Messrs. Gadget and Partners paid, without a murmur, accounts rendered to the tune of four fat figures.

The terms of their late client's will empowered them to do so, and further directed that, these days of grace, or disgrace, duly run, his successor should adjourn for four-and-twenty hours to the family seat in Norfolkshire, where he would learn what was required of him before he might finger another farthing of the dead man's personal property.

"But I 'aven't an anna left in my pocket," protested the new peer, when this was made plain to him, "an' none o' the others 'aven't neither!"

"We have reserved a private saloon for your lordship and party by the four-thirty express from Liverpool Street," Mr. Gadget, Jr., replied precisely, "and there will be carriages in waiting to convey you from the station to Castle Lanimer. Apart from this, we have no funds whatsoever from which to supply your lordship with further ready money. Quite the contrary, in fact; your lordship's estates are already deeply in debt to my firm, and I think it only right to inform you that my partners intend to press for a settlement."

"Oh, call me a cock-eyed castaway an' 'ave done with it!" retorted his lordship wrathfully, and set out afoot with his friends for Liverpool Street.

"There's some damned 'anky-panky about this business," he told them in apology; "but we're to 'ear all about it after we get there."

He had no reason, however, to complain of the reception accorded him by the unthinking crowd when he did at last set foot upon his ancestral domain.

The county was conspicuously absent, but the proletariat was present in force. There was beef and beer in plenty within the great marquees which had been erected in the home park. They therefore cheered most lustily as he stepped across the threshold of his home and chucked a comely housemaid under the chin in passing, while an

army of other servants, indoor and outdoor, massed upon the terrace he had crossed, looked on in open-mouthed amazement.

Then the Lanimer house flag, with the Red Hand on its folds, was broken forth from the truck of the pole which had stood upon the main tower since Cromwell and his Ironsides encompassed it with fire and sword. And its new owner ordered a bottle of rum.

That supplied him by a scandalised attendant, he and his unconcerned companions took a prominent part in the prevalent rejoicings, and soon achieved an easy popularity, which endured until dusk, when there were fireworks, as was right and proper.

Whereafter the viscount and his guests went in to dinner, while the humbler folk sat down to a hearty supper by the light of the huge bonfires underneath the oaks outside.

The state apartments had been opened up against his coming, and such a feast as would do credit to the cooks and kitchens of his house was waiting him in the great banquet hall amid the most splendid and impressive surroundings.

The merest underling among the many footmen was gorgeous in purple plush and epaulets. The butlers and chief stewards, men of grave and reverend mien, in faultless broadcloth, looked austerely into space across a table which creaked beneath the weight of gold and silver plate and priceless crystal. Solid magnificence was the *motif* of the scene, into which ambled his unthinking lordship at the head of the unseemly suite he had imported with him, all in easy outdoor dress.

He slipped into his seat at the head of the table, and turning with an amiable grin to the servant who would have offered him the *hors d'œuvre*:

"Let's all 'ave some 'ot soup," said he. "It's more in my line than these fancy fixin's. An' just see if you can find us a bottle or two o' beer, will you? I'm drier than th' Juba desert!"

It would have been difficult to maintain any undue solemnity of demeanour in his immediate neighbourhood. The atmosphere of ceremony, soon melted, was succeeded by the laughter and licence of a tavern. The meal pro-

gressed, ever more riotously, until snatches of song and story began to fly about the festive board through the thick smoke of choice cigars.

Saracen related the hitherto hidden reasons for his flight from Madagascar, his fierce hatred of Queen Ranavalona, and sang soulfully a Malagasy love-chant while McMiv was telling tales of Mexican amours which made the butlers blush until Crowe had capped them with anecdotes from Cochin China. Whalley recalled a noteworthy incident in his youthful acquaintance with that Englishwoman who had helped the Tiger Lopez to a precarious throne in Paraguay. Schwind spoke sorrowfully of Vienna and the tragedy which had driven him thence into exile.

Only Shellister, the Scot, sat mute, his eyes fixed on the folding-doors at one end of the apartment, revolving in his muddled mind some half-forgotten Highland legend wherein such doors had opened noiselessly to let disaster loose upon the revellers within.

The master of the revels had risen to his feet with the intention of undertaking a comic contribution to the general harmony, when he became aware that something untoward was happening behind him, and facing about with a jump:

"*Holy fly!*" said he, in the extremity of his amazement.

The doors had disappeared, leaving visible the long vista of a range of drawing-rooms ablaze with the lights of lamps and chandeliers and sconces, all reflected in a multitude of mirrors. And beyond the opening, her slender figure sharply outlined in a gown of shimmering silk against the luminous background, her faultless patrician features lit up by the electrics overhead, a girl was standing.

Her neck and arms and shoulders were bare but for the gems and jewellery which sparkled lustrously upon such snowy setting. A golden comb inset with pearls compared but poorly with the colour of her hair. The diamond buckle of the shoe that showed beneath her skirt burned brilliantly in the almost intolerable glare.

She did not flinch before the astonished eyes that even the servants had turned toward her, but stood there for a moment, one hand clasping a fold of the drawn draperies and in the other a great glittering salver, silently surveying

the disorderly table, the reckless gathering about it. And they stared back at her, dumb and somewhat dazedly.

She signed to the servants to leave the room. They trooped forth decorously, and she came forward, her head held high, a spot of colour on each pale cheek.

"I bid your lordship welcome—for my father's sake," she said, as if with a strong effort of will, but in a sweet, warm voice, and, stooping, offered him her perfect lips to kiss.

The little man shrank back behind his chair. Her face was wholly scarlet now.

"It was he who bade me come to you thus, and bring you—this," she whispered, trembling a little under the almost intolerable strain of the task assigned her.

He lifted from the salver she was holding out toward him the envelope lying thereon, and his hand shook in sympathy with hers.

"Excuse me, miss," he ejaculated desperately, "but *would* you mind tellin' me exactly 'oo you are?"

She looked down at him curiously and a little more kindly. Her voice was steadier as she answered:

"I am to tell you nothing until you have read your letter."

"I can't read," he said simply.

"Then I must read it to you—before witnesses," she said slowly, as if reciting a lesson learned by rote; and Whalley turned his head away to avoid the puzzled glance she had allowed to rest upon him for an instant as she scanned the assemblage again.

She took from the envelope the single sheet of crested paper it contained, and began, without preface:

"'This is my daughter, and your cousin Constance, whom you will marry if you wish to inherit my money, without which the title and estates will prove a very bitter burden to you.

"'Should you fail to do so, it will remain with her; but if you are ready and willing to make her your wife, and she, on her part, refuse, you will be held to have earned your wage, while she will be left absolutely penniless. I have put it out of your power to make each other any allowance.

"'This to the sole end that Humphrey Halliday, his murderer, may neither occupy the place that should have been my son's, nor win the wife he wants together with my wealth.

"'Think well, both of you, before you decide, and then let the Gadgets know your decision. They have all the necessary documents under my seal, and will act according to your instructions upon the production of this letter. "'LANIMER.'"

She ceased, the repellent duty to which she had so blindly pledged herself at last accomplished. She was swaying on her feet, her wide eyes heavy with a wordless horror of the outcome.

A single, stricken cry escaped her. She sank to the floor with a silken rustle, and her women came cluttering in to carry her away, with many black looks at his lordship.

The seven men who had sprung to her assistance sat down again, speechless, frowning. A sudden sobriety had superseded the half-tipsy freedom of their former intercourse.

They could see clearly now the object of all these insidious temptations with which the dead man had so cunningly paved the way toward the final fulfilment of a vindictive revenge; of the patient precautions taken in advance to emphasise the magnitude of the reward, its miserable contrast. The callous cynicism of his strangely declared scheme, their intimate acquaintance with the unscrupulous arbiter thereof, had given them good cause for sombre speculation. And the little man in the crumpled serge suit sat sullenly drumming upon the damask with his fingers, a hangdog scowl on his face.

When Shellister at length spoke, they accorded him a grave attention. He stood up, his mouth twitching.

"If you do this damnable thing, Day," he said, in a strangled voice, "I—I've sisters of my own, and I—I——"

He threw himself back into his chair, still mumbling mutely, and nothing more was said.

The man he had miscalled by implication rose in his turn. He bent over and picked up the paper on which so much depended, tore it across, and, running to the fire-

place, laid the two fragments upon the glowing logs therein.

"I know I ain't a gentleman," he answered over his shoulder, a little bitterly, "but I can mebbe imitate one—for once."

He had buried his future in black dust and ashes before he looked round again, to find his friends confronting him with outstretched hands. He took Shellister's first, and Shellister said:

"Old man, I'm sorry—sorry and ashamed!"

"You needn't, then," returned the Right Honourable the Viscount Lanimer right honourably, "'cos I *was* thinkin' just f'r a minnit, you know, that it'll be hard enough to go back to the old life—without even the kiss that I might 'ave 'ad!"

He shook his head and sighed soulfully—a sure sign that his spirits were rising.

"An' now, boys oh!" said he, briskly, "let's all 'ave a last drink, to take the taste o' these pleasures an' pallises out of our mouths before we melt away mysterious through the window. I only 'ope all them velveteen-legged lilies o' the valley'll stay in the kitchen till they're called for—an' that'll be a good long time!"

"But you can't disappear again in that idiotic way!" Whalley objected, dubiously.

"Can't I?" replied the Chinless Wonder. "You wait an' see. All that I need to know before we shuffle an' cut f'r a fresh deal is w'ether it's true that 'Umphrey 'Alliday killed——"

"Humphrey Halliday was a full field ahead of him and had the race in hand when old Lanimer's son took the toss that broke his neck," said Whalley.

"How d'*you* know?" demanded his lordship.

"I was there," the other answered briefly, and, turning to the table, poured out for himself half a tumblerful of raw brandy.

III

When the tramp steamship *Ilulu*, of and from London with general cargo for East African ports, dropped anchor in the roadstead of Zanzibar with the yellow flag flying at

her fore, the shore folk were shivering in their shoes for fear of the *beriberi*, which was then unpleasantly rife upon the coast. But she had a clean bill of health to show and the count of her crew was correct, so that she obtained entrance in due course.

Great, consequently, was her captain's chagrin when one of his stokers developed acute symptoms of the dread disease, and only a short hour before the anxiously-awaited lighters were due alongside. There was no doctor on board. He did not dare to send ashore for one and thereby incur the certainty of quarantine at this late stage, lest his owners should accuse him of lacking administrative ability, and deprive him, on that plea, of the opportunity of earning daily bread for a dependent family. He was a humane man, in so far as an extra-master may be, but it was a positive relief to him when he learned that the sufferer had expired. He could then take the risk, for the sake of his own wife and children, of logging the death and burial on a more convenient date and alleging heart failure as the cause thereof.

He viewed the body, as in duty bound, but from a safe distance, and called for a volunteer to sew its shroud. A dare-devil Irishman, one McMiv, undertook the sad task, and attached to the canvas covering sufficient fire-bars to sink a whale.

The funeral took place privately, after nightfall, and, since no one else seemed anxious to interfere, six sorrowing fellow-stokers attended to the ceremony, carrying the corpse aft to the rail and carefully consigning it to the deep. Whereinto it disappeared with a resounding splash; and whence it presently emerged again, but minus its shroud, at the foot of a light ladder under the overhang of the ship's stern.

The six accomplices signed without a word the certificate of burial put before them by the captain, conveyed to his keeping certain papers entrusted to them by their former shipmate, and, having drunk delightedly the extra ration of rum served out in honour of the occasion, deserted in a body during the dark hours, using the captain's boat.

The earliest intimation of the tenth Lord Lanimer's lamentable death came home by cable from Mozambique, and was followed in due course by documentary evidence

in proof of his dual identity, all legally signed, sealed, attested, and endorsed by the British vice-consul at that port.

Wherewith Mr. Humphrey Halliday succeeded to the title, and in company with his spouse, the Honourable Constance, now Lady, Lanimer, took up his residence at the castle. In whose private chapel they caused to be placed a tablet of white marble commemorating all the available virtues of the departed peer—who was at the same time spending his own honeymoon and a borrowed sovereign in the worshipful society of his lawful wife, O Miya Day, within the impenetrable precincts of the Land of Lilies, beside the Outer Gate of Zanzibar.

A Pioneer of Aviation

By Norman Douglas

It was an odd coincidence.

I had arrived at Naples, and was anxious to have news of the proceedings at a certain aviation meeting in the North where a rather inexperienced friend of mine had insisted upon taking a part: the newspaper reports of these entertainments are enough to disquiet anybody. While admiring the prodigious achievements of modern science in this direction, I wished devoutly at that particular moment that flying had never been invented; and it was something of a coincidence, I say, that stumbling in this frame of mind down one of the unspeakable little side-streets in the neighbourhood of the University, my glance should have fallen upon an eighteenth-century engraving in a bookseller's window which depicted a man raised above the ground without any visible means of support—flying, in short. He was a monk, floating before an altar; a companion, near at hand, was portrayed as gazing in rapturous wonder at this feat of levitation. I stepped within and demanded the volume to which this was the frontispiece.

The salesman, a hungry-looking old fellow with incredibly dirty hands and face, began to explain:

"The Flying Monk, sir; Joseph of Copertino. A mighty saint and conjurer! Or perhaps you would like some other book? I have many, many lives of *santi* here. Look at this one of the great Egidio, for instance. I can tell you all about him, for he raised my mother's grand-uncle from the dead; yes, out of the grave, as one may say. You'll find out all about it in this book; and it's only one of his thousand miracles. And here is the biography of the renowned Giangiuseppe, a mighty saint and——"

I was paying little heed; the "flying monk" had fascinated me. An unsuspected pioneer of aviation . . . here was a discovery!

"He flew?" I queried, my mind reverting to the much-vaunted triumphs of modern science.

"Why not? The only reason why people don't fly like that nowadays is because—well, sir, because they can't. They fly with machines, and think it something quite new and wonderful. And yet it's as old as the hills! There was Iscariot, for example—Icarus, I mean——"

"Pure legend, my good man."

"Everything becomes legend, if the gentleman will have the goodness to wait. And here is the biography of——"

"How much for Joseph of Copertino?" Cost what it may, I said to myself, that volume must be mine.

He took it up and began to turn over the pages lovingly, as though handling some priceless Book of Hours.

"A fine engraving," he observed, *sotto voce*. "And this is the best of many biographies of the flying monk. It is by Rossi, the Minister-General of the Franciscan Order to which our monk belonged; the official biography, it might be called—dedicated, by permission, to his Holiness Pope Clemens XIII., and based on the documents which led to the Saint's beatification. Altogether a most remarkable volume. . . ."

And he broke off, in eloquent aposiopesis. Then continued:

"I possess a cheaper biography of him, also with a frontispiece, by Montanari, which has the questionable advantage of being printed as recently as 1853. And here is yet another one, by Antonio Basile—oh, he has been much written about: a most celebrated *taumaturga* (conjurer)! As to this *Life* of 1767, I could not, with a good conscience, appraise it at less than five francs."

"I respect your feelings. But—five francs! I have certain scruples of my own, you know, and it irks my sense of rectitude to pay five francs for the flying monk unless you can supply me with six or seven additional books to be included in that sum. Twelve *soldi* (sous) apiece—that strikes me as the proper price of such literature; for foreigners, at least. Therefore I'll have the great Egidio as well, and Montanari's life of the flying monk, and that other one by Basile, and Giangiuseppe, and——"

"By all means! Pray take your choice."

And so it came about that, relieved of a tenuous but very sticky five-franc note, and loaded down with three biographies of the flying monk, one of Egidio, two of Giangiuseppe—I had been hopelessly swindled, but there! no man can bargain in a hurry, and my eagerness to learn something of the life of this early airman had made me oblivious of the natural values of things—and with sundry smaller volumes of similar import bulging out of my pockets, I turned in the direction of the hotel, promising myself some interesting if not exactly light reading.

But hardly had I proceeded twenty paces before the shopkeeper came running after me, with another formidable bundle under his arm. More books! An ominous symptom—the clearest demonstration of my defeat; I was a marked man, a "good" customer already; it was humiliating, after my long years' experience of the South.

And there resounded an unmistakable note of triumph in his voice as he said:

"Some more saintly biographies, sir. Read them at your leisure, and pay me what you like. You cannot help being generous: I see it in your face."

"I always try to encourage polite learning, if that is what you think to decipher in my features. But it rains *santi* this morning," I added, rather sourly.

"The gentleman is pleased to joke! May it rain *soldi* to-morrow."

"A little shower, possibly. But not a cloudburst like to-day. . . ."

Now as to the flying monk, there is no doubt whatever that he deserved his name.

He flew. Being a monk, these feats of his were naturally confined to convents and their immediate surroundings, but that does not alter the facts of the case.

Of the flights that he took in the little town of Copertino alone, more than seventy, says Father Rossi whom I follow throughout, are on record in the depositions which were taken on oath from eye-witnesses after his death. This is one of them, for example:—

"Stupendous likewise was the *ratto* (flight or rapture)

which he exhibited on a night of Holy Thursday. . . . He suddenly flew towards the altar in a straight line, leaving untouched all the ornaments of that structure; and after some time, being called back by his superior, returned flying to the spot whence he had set out."

And another:

"He flew similarly upon an olive-tree . . . and there remained in kneeling posture for the space of half an hour. A marvellous thing it was to see the branch which sustained him swaying lightly, as though a bird had alighted upon it."

But Copertino is a remote little place in South Italy, and it may be urged that a kind of enthusiasm for their distinguished brother-monk may have tempted the inmates of the convent to exaggerate his rare gifts. Nothing of the kind. He performed flights not only in Copertino, but in various large towns of Italy, such as Naples, Rome, and Assisi. And the spectators were by no means an assemblage of ignorant personages, but men whose rank and credibility would have weight in any section of society.

"While the Lord High Admiral of Castille, Ambassador of Spain at the Vatican, was passing through Assisi in the year 1645, the custodian of the convent commanded Joseph to descend from the room into the church, where the Admiral's lady was waiting for him, desirous of seeing him and speaking to him; to whom Joseph replied: 'I will obey, but I do not know whether I shall be able to speak to her.' And, as a matter of fact, hardly had he entered the church and raised his eyes to a statue . . . situated above the altar, when he threw himself into a flight in order to embrace its feet at a distance of twelve paces, passing over the heads of all the congregation; then, after remaining there some time, he flew back over them with his usual cry, and immediately returned to his cell. The Admiral was amazed; his wife fainted away; and all the onlookers became piously terrified."

A similar feat was accomplished in the presence of Pope Urban VIII., who was highly astonished, and declared that "if Joseph were to die during his pontificate, he himself would bear witness to this *successo*."

But his most remarkable flights took place at Fossombrone, where once, "detaching himself in swiftest manner

from the altar with a cry like thunder, he went, like lightning, gyrating hither and thither about the chapel, and with such an impetus that he made all the cells of the dormitory tremble, so that the monks, issuing thence in consternation, cried: 'An earthquake! an earthquake!'" At Fossombrone he reached what seems to be his outdoor record—two hours without descent to earth.

Sometimes, furthermore, he took a passenger, if such a term can properly be applied.

So once he was observed to run swiftly towards the confessor of his monastery, and, "seizing him by the hand, he raised him from the ground by supernatural force and with jubilant rapture drew him along, turning him round and round in a *violento ballo*." At Assisi, too, there was a gentleman, a suffering invalid, whom he "snatched by the hair, and, uttering his customary cry of 'Oh!' raised himself from the earth while he drew the other after him by his hair, carrying him in this fashion for a short while through the air, to the intensest admiration of the spectators." The patient, whose name was Chevalier Baldassarre, discovered, on touching earth again, that he had been cured by this flight of the grievous mental malady which had hitherto afflicted him.

Saint Joseph of Copertino lived during the time of the Spanish Viceroys of Naples, and his notoriety spread not only over all Italy, but to France, Germany, and Poland. Among his intimates and admirers were no fewer than eight Cardinals, Prince Leopold of Tuscany, the Duke of Bouillon, Isabella of Austria, Duchess of Mantua, the Infanta Maria of Savoy, and the Duke of Brunswick, who, during a visit to various Courts of Europe in 1649, purposely went to Assisi to see him, and was there converted from the Lutheran heresy by the spectacle of one of his flights. Prince Casimir, heir to the throne of Poland, was his particular friend, and kept up a correspondence with him after the death of his father and his own succession to the throne.

Towards the close of his life, the Flying Monk became so famous that his superiors were obliged to shut him up in the convent of Osimo, in close confinement, for more than six years preceding his death, in order that his aerial voyages "should not be disturbed by the concourse of the

vulgar." And here he expired, in his sixty-first year, on the 18th of September, 1663. He had been suffering and infirm for some little time previous to that event, but managed to take a short flight on the very day preceding his demise.

Forthwith the evidences of his miraculous deeds were collected and submitted to the inspired examination of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome. Their conscientiousness in sifting and weighing the depositions is sufficiently attested by the fact that ninety years were allowed to elapse ere Joseph of Copertino was solemnly received into the number of the Blessed—in 1753.

Not long ago, in the late spring, the train took me along the shores of the Ionian Sea into that venerable and fertile land of Japygia, the heel of Italy, which rises in heliotrope-tinted undulations towards the Adriatic watershed. I looked out of the window; old Tarentum and its milk-white palaces were glimmering in lordly fashion across the tranquil waters; a sense of immemorial culture seemed to pervade this region of russet tilth, and olives, and golden corn.

Soon we halted at a small town, in the glowing heat of morning. Here I thought to interrupt my journey and discover how much is still known of the flying monk, who spent some years of his life in a convent on the spot. A prodigy like this, I argued, cannot be wholly forgotten.

They led me to the only monastery now in actual use. In the sacristy of its church, where I was requested to wait, a slender young priest was praying rapturously; and the clock, that stood at hand, recorded the flight of twenty minutes ere his devotions were ended. Then he arose slowly, and turned upon me a pair of large and dreamy eyes, as though awakened from another world.

This was quite a new convent, he explained; it could not possibly be the one I was seeking. But there was another one near at hand, almost a ruin, and now converted into a refuge for a flock of poor old women; he would gladly show me the way. Was I a German?

No, I replied; I came from Scotland.

"A Calvanist," he remarked, without bitterness.

"A Presbyterian," I gently corrected.

"To be sure, a Presbyterian. How many names!"

As we walked along the dusty streets, I set forth the object of my visit. He had never heard of the flying monk—it was astonishing, he said. The flying monk! He would look up the subject without delay. That a Protestant should come all the way from "the other end of the world" to make inquiries about a Catholic saint of whose existence he himself was unaware, seemed not so much to surprise as positively to alarm him.

At the door of the decayed convent my guide left me, with sundry polite expressions of esteem. I entered a spacious open courtyard; a well stood in the centre of a bare middle enclosure, whereon in olden days the monks may have cultivated their fruit and vegetables; round this court there ran an arched passage, its walls adorned with frescoes, now dim and faded, depicting sacred subjects. The monastery itself was a sombre maze of stairways and cells and corridors—all the free spaces, including the very roof, encumbered with gleaming potteries of every size and shape, that are made somewhere near the premises.

I wandered about this sunless and cobwebby labyrinth, the old women-pensioners flitting round me like bats in the twilight. I peered into many dark closets: which of them was it—Joseph's famous blood-bespattered cell?

"He tormented his body so continuously and obstinately with pins, needles, and blades of steel, and with such effusion of blood that even now, after entire years, the walls of his cell and other places of retirement are discoloured and actually encrusted with blood." Which of them was it—the chamber that witnessed these atrocious macerations? It was all so gloomy and forlorn.

Then, pushing aside a door in this shadowy underworld, I found myself suddenly bathed in dazzling light. A loggia opened here, with a view over stretches of gnarled olives shining all silvery under the immaculate sky of noonday, and bounded by the sapphire belt of the Ionian. Sunshine and blue sea! Often must the monks have taken pleasure in this fair prospect; and the wiser among them, watching the labourers returning home at nightfall, the

children at play, and all the happy life of a world alien to their own, may well have heaved a sigh.

Meanwhile, a crowd of citizens had assembled below, attracted by the unusual novelty of a stranger in their town. The simple creatures appeared to regard my investigations in the light of a good joke; they had heard of begging monks, and thieving monks, and monks of another variety whose characteristics nothing would induce me to set down here; but a flying monk—no, never!

"The Dark Ages," said one of them—the mayor, I daresay—with an air of grave authority. "Believe me, dear sir, the days of such fabulous monsters are over."

So they seem to be, for the present.

No picture or statue records the life of this flying wonder, this masterpiece of Spanish priestcraft; no mural tablet—in this land of commemorative stones—has been erected to perpetuate the glory of his signal achievements; no street is called after him. It is as if he had never existed. On the contrary, by a queer irony of fate, the roadway leading past his convent bears the name of a misty heathen poet, likewise native of these favoured regions, a man of whom Joseph of Copertino had assuredly never heard—Ennius, who never so much as tried to fly, but contented him with singing, in rather bad Latin, of the things of this earth.

Via Ennio. . . .

It is the swing of the pendulum. The old pagan, at this moment, may be nearer to our ideals and aspirations than the flying monk who died only yesterday, so to speak.

But a few years hence—who knows?

Women and Morality

By A Mother

My son Jack, who is home on leave, has been now five years in South Africa, working for a few hundreds a year, yet not complaining, because, as he proudly puts it, he is a servant of the State. He has just touched thirty. And, as his mother, I pressed him into my confidence; for it seemed to me the lad had grown somewhat morose of late, and I desired him earnestly to marry.

Jack and I have always been the most intimate of friends. Though not an active Suffragette myself, I have always been the true companion with my children. He made no bones about the matter.

"Mother," he said, "I've come back really to try and find a wife. Any sensible, sympathetic girl who would go out. Life out there alone is so terrible. If it were not for the whisky, I couldn't stand it. I've only a fortnight left, and I've found no one. What shall I do?"

And then he told me: of his experiences, the months of solitude that he is forced to endure, the almost total absence of white women, the terror of the lonely nights, the physical torture borne by these young men building up the British Empire.

There are no white women in many of those parts; among the natives, syphilis in a terrible form is rampant. Think what that means? Hundreds of young Englishmen giving the best of their strength and lives—it is a dangerous climate—for their country, severed from all association with the other sex, doomed literally to celibacy! The things my son told me filled me with confusion. It is with a sense of shame and indignation that I write to call the attention of women to this feature in our civilisation that we call Morality.

"Can you wonder that we drink?" my son said. "Can

you wonder that not a few of us sink into degradation, that there are so many failures?"

Authority—and this is what I wish to point out—*winks at intercourse with native women*, though all such intercourse is necessarily undertaken at the most serious personal risk, and should be prohibited absolutely on the ground of ordinary eugenic sanity. Disease is often fatal in its dystrophic effects upon white men in those parts, yet authority takes no measures, looks on blandly, and when there is a disaster or a death, it can only report the event. But this same authority resolutely sets its face against any form of unlawful wedlock, and a man who is known to have a mistress is politely asked to quit. It reduces itself to this: Authority recognises the problem. It allows the individual to risk his life and whole future in native prostitution. It forbids any eugenic association of the sexes on the principle governing Western ethics.

As a woman and a mother, I appeal in the name of decency and common sense. Surely it is time some of us looked into these matters. Better by far that a man should live with a white woman, even if unwed; better admit organised prostitution out there, than this canker of disease or sterility forced upon the best of our youths whom we glibly style the pioneers of Empire. I write these words deliberately. As my son explained to me, it is not to be expected that girls brought up in the ease and luxury of modern England will go out as wives, to live the life in those places. On the other hand, marriage, as a permanent tie, should not be lightly entered upon. These men hail mostly from the Universities; they do not want to marry socially beneath them, to have children from women who are not their equals. Yet so long as a code of morality adapted for civilised communities is enforced in lands where the conditions are utterly different, different by the very fact of the total absence of white women, these young men will go on leading unnatural and frequently disgusting lives, because of this fetish that what is right in one country is right in another—which is as good as saying that because the silk hat is becoming in London, it is the correct headwear, therefore, in the tropics of Africa.

This is what it comes to: the moral code of a Sussex seaside town engrafted upon savage lands. A few years

ago it would have been considered indelicate for a woman to write on such a subject; happily to-day we have grown wiser. I confess I am concerned. Upon us, as the mothers of the race, the trust of mankind reposes ultimately. Assuredly, if we women fail, men will fail; for as the lives of men depend largely upon the influence we bring to bear upon them, so our influence for good or evil depends upon the wisdom and usefulness of our direction. Hitherto we women have left these things to men. We have been afraid to interfere. To speak frankly, we have been astonishingly and shamefully ignorant.

We still are. I, for my part, admit that the conditions in which my son and these other men live were a revelation to me. As a woman who has seen something of life—life in the big world, as apart from the drawing-room—my son's story seemed to me a confession: of the falsity of much in our modern civilisation, pointing to the urgency of a new valuation of social ethics and morality, of sounder and more sanitary principles. And that the time has come for re-adjustment and reform in these things must be plain to all. On the one hand, we have so many of our fine young men thus suffering totally unnecessary and unnatural torture; on the other, women panting hysterically for "freedom" and independence, whose watchword seems to be the denigration and anathema of man. These things are evil, obviously; for in both cases they are unnatural. That they are the phenomena of an effete civilised code, I cannot doubt. They are indices of a similar antagonism; proof that the old Christian code which held women in subjection has grown inefficient and anachronistic, that there is need of a new and more enlightened social morality.

We saw the other day the enactment of a piece of legislation intended to put down what is vaguely styled the White Slave Traffic, which is now recognised by people acquainted with the facts to be nothing more than an ill-conceived and totally inadequate makeshift. The real evil—prostitution—it leaves untouched. At best, it may be said to have satisfied the public conscience, which, after all, is something gained, as the significance of an awakening opinion? It is the first public sign that women are beginning to interest themselves in affairs of grave State concern; that they are learning to understand the ordinary

physiological laws that govern the other sex; that in the future men and women will have to discuss and decide upon these things together.

Unquestionably, with the decay of Christian belief, the disappearance from the Western world of damnation and almost of the "attenuated realities" of posthumous existence, and the rise of eugenic sanity in their place, the question of marriage, which involves the whole problem of Public Morality and the relation of the sexes, has received the severest shock since its institution and affirmation as a Christian law. Looking round, I am surprised at the number of nice girls well over twenty-five who remain unmarried; at the number of men, healthy men, strong men, who seem to have no inclination for marriage; at the legion of confirmed bachelor women earning their daily bread; at the general cynicism displayed by both sexes at the idea of the conjugal bond, in the name of the family indissoluble and sacrosanct. It is not a normal condition. According to our existing ethical code, it is not a moral condition. For the real fact is this—and I would ask all women to ponder on it—that practically *every man who is not married is leading an immoral life*—immoral, that is, judged by the principles of our Church and Government and Society.

This may appear a strong statement, yet it is the truth, and all men know it. On the Continent it is a truism which is not even disputed, for in every country outside the English-speaking peoples opinion is perfectly frank about the subject of sex; neither on the one side nor the other is there the smallest pretence or concealment. As a French mother once said to me: "I know all about my son's affairs. I should consider it an affront if he kept these things secret from me." And though we may pretend to be more "advanced" in these problems than other nations are, though we carefully refrain from talking about sex, in truth the Englishman is very like other men, and is no more suited by nature to lead a celibate life than is the Frenchman or the Spaniard or an Egyptian Prince.

We women are writing many books about woman's emancipation, about sex independence, but it seems to me that we are ignoring the basis of the whole problem which is the natural law governing the sex instinct and activity of man. In proclaiming our independence, our

right to lead our own lives, our freedom from the bondage of sex, we undoubtedly in the main are asserting what is reasonably true of the modern woman. We do not fall under the same anatomical or physiological laws; in all matters concerning sexual emotion, from incentive to gratification, we differ fundamentally from men; so that our proclamation is for the most part just and justified. That, however, is not the real question, because it leaves out of account the other sex; nor can it be denied that for all known purposes of life the two sexes are indispensable the one to the other.

I am fully prepared to sign on to woman's emancipation; to her greater self-assertion in public affairs; to her right as a responsible entity in the community to have a voice in the counsels of its government. Where I think we are going hopelessly astray is in this matter of sex antagonism which is rapidly growing into a sex war.

Now it is certain that the more critical or "difficult" women become about marriage, about their choice of a husband, that is, the more disinclined, by law of natural repercussion, men will be to enter into it, especially in the present conditions controlling divorce and the social stigma attaching thereto. Already this is the case, as all unbiassed testimony will show. Indeed, to put it vulgarly, never has the marriage market been more glutted or anxious. This being so, it is obvious that consequently fewer men marry, and that in proportion fewer men will marry, the more "independent" we women become. I can see signs of this stagnation everywhere, conditions of hesitancy and reluctance, less and less of the old-fashioned falling in love, more and more calculated betrothals and that abominable form of union that is generally called "convenient." So long—I admit—as our Marriage Laws are under the control of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, it is perhaps well that marriage should only be undertaken on both sides as the result of the most careful worldly consideration, and the later in life the better, for we are less liable to change after we have turned the corner of the thirties than we are in the flush of ignorant youth with all the heyday of life before us. But such considerations necessarily deter and defer marriage, swelling the numbers of unmarried men and women, and so actually promoting and cultivating immorality.

I repeat. Practically every unmarried man is leading an immoral life; that is to say, he has relations with women to whom he is not married, so that, scientifically viewed, the less men marry, the greater will illicit love become, whether in the form of free love, the paramour of affection or convenience, or prostitution. To blink this fact is to shut one's eyes to reality. But it is precisely here that we women seem to me to be going wrong. And it is precisely here that all true reform of Morality must begin; first and foremost, by realising and admitting the sex force.

Those women who assert that men must be educated up to women's physiological law are either ignorant of physical truths or wilfully blind, in which case they do not count. I am aware in the present stream of injured femininity that it is not a popular thing to say. I have heard militant girls lecture in drawing-rooms on this subject until in my very soul I blushed for them. Let them remember this. A woman can by nature only have one child in the year; a man can have hundreds. Such is nature's law. To argue about it, to set out to prove that man must be levelled up—in plain language, must be constricted to the same physical laws that govern our sex—is mere woman's chatter: unscientific, empty, which can neither bring about reform nor morality. Nor is the other alternative, free love between the sexes, conceivable in a civilised community. The supreme trust given to woman is motherhood. Women are thus the true designers and conservators of the race. The same law rules the female throughout the animal world, inexorably. To us human beings who have acquired thought and all its cognate beauties of the soul and the will, the restriction in women is thus a moral instead of a physical law, which to abuse by artificial sterility or by reversion to unlicensed animalism must lead to corruption and degeneration. Sex is not a matter amenable to education or legislation. All attempts to treat it on copybook lines of theory or bookish principle are bound to fail. If we women desire honestly to abolish prostitution, to establish higher conditions of morality, the first thing we must do is to understand nature's laws and conditions, and perhaps the only way to achieve any improvement is boldly to face the whole subject of marriage as it concerns the individual and the State,

as it concerns the sex relations between man and woman, without cant or subterfuge.

The difficulties of the question are enormous. Indeed, the further one studies the problem, the more baffling it grows. On the other hand, different civilisations provide ample opportunities for study. In the East no moral stigma attaches to the relations of the sexes before marriage, which in turn becomes the institution of bondage. It is only in England that any real sex problem exists, the celibacy of unmarried men not being expected or demanded in Continental countries, and as its consequence concubinage and the liaison are both condoned and tolerated. We, however, with our national hypocrisy, see only the externals. We visit with fearful social penalties the unfortunate girl who has had an illegitimate child, the adulteress, the woman or man who gets found out; and the member of Parliament who, perhaps for excellent reasons unknown to the public, appears in the Divorce Court is commonly branded as a "dead man." That is all very well—conducive to the upholding of a paper morality, no doubt, but it is not scientific; most certainly such an ostrich attitude neither checks nor stops the evil, for the simple reason that by emphasising and earmarking the discovered, it provides such an admirable cloak to those who do not get found out, who form the vast majority. Exposure is the sin in England. What goes on undetected is nobody's concern. The real fact that only married men are leading (Christian) moral lives—who thinks, who cares, who even admits it? And yet we women will have to care if we are to prove ourselves worthy of public responsibility; if, in our turn, we are to come out of our shells and show men that we are serious for once in a way, that we are determined not to leave such frightful scandals as venereal disease to the haphazard methods of men too shamefaced publicly to attempt a remedy; to do something that is Christian, that is moral, for humanity in the cause of the great trust we bear towards it.

Codes will never help. Only the truth applied to the honest co-operation of man and woman can effect any change for the better in these things, and I wish to say very earnestly here that it is not so much man who must be educated up to our standard, but we woefully ignorant women who must educate ourselves up to him. Among

themselves, in their clubs, men are frank enough about us. Are we women frank about men? Is it not we who are ignorant about sex; we who by our condemnation and ostracism of our "fallen" sisters maintain the giant hypocrisy so convenient to English gentlemen; we who thus support illicit love, the cheapening and prostitution of women? Alas! the sincere among us know it to be so. But if we pause to think, can such an attitude serve the true morality of the sexes? Why do we women smile thus readily upon the unmarried man who walks so gallantly abroad, when in our hearts we know he is leading an immoral life; that some woman who will never marry him is waiting for his love or his money; and yet if we came across that woman we would spurn her as an object of shame and ignominy? Can we deny this? We accept the man, we marry him—we drive the woman into degradation. But we do not suppress her. Ah, no; we neither suppress nor diminish her kind. We set up a bar between her and ourselves, that is all. We will not admit her into our social glasshouse, and we think we are moral, whereas in reality she exists because of our passivity, because of our so-called virtuous aloofness, because of our neglect to face a problem which is as old as the story in the Garden of Eden. To shriek at the immorality of man is idiotic. On the whole, my experience is that men are neither particularly good nor evil. That man has animal passions is a natural law. It is not for us women to deny them, to seek to thwart nature. It is very much up to us, however, to acquire the true pride and dignity of our own sex, to acquire that conscious faith in sex that man has in his, to recognise that if we virtuous women fail him, woman as woman will not, because such is the divine scheme of life.

I was first drawn to these problems because, as the wife of a schoolmaster, it was my duty from time to time to go into very painful matters connected with the boys—things that mothers rarely hear of, which I will not now enter into. Sex, however, is one of the problems of school-life; it is also a subject which by common consent is taboo. I mention it here merely to enforce the point, which is this: After considerable personal experience and frequent consultation with masters and the boys themselves, I have come to the conclusion that, on the whole, the deplorable

practices common to schoolboys do not lead necessarily to harm in after-life, such is the sanity of nature's design; such, too, the robust healthiness of man's sexual instinct. By far the greater part of these boys leave the schools unaffected by this school evil, though I know that in not a few cases irreparable injury is done. It is a thing impossible to suppress, impossible to control. As my husband once said to me, "One cannot punish; one can only advise, warn, seek to help. After all, these boys are only healthy animals. Were it not so, we should be the first to take alarm, and to cry out about the degeneration of the race."

That this is the truth, anyone who has had personal experience with schools will admit. And if this is true about boys, it is equally true about men. To me it seems mere waste of time to talk about "immorality" in the face of these facts. For us women to seek to pillory man on that account is stupidity. As the result of all sincere investigation, scientific or otherwise, celibacy in man is recognised as unnatural and harmful, and obviously so since it is opposed to the fundamental instinct and law of life. It is the essential difference between man and woman, the physical difference between the love of men and women. All over the East, and generally in Europe, it is so recognised, as we know. It is in so far only even a problem in its connection with a movement which may be said to be primarily, if it is to have any reason or justification at all, a movement for the education and higher ethical idealism of hitherto subject femininity.

With which I, personally, am in sympathy. But it is because I sympathise, because I wish to see women bigger in mind and idea, that I warn them that sex-warfare is the revolt of impotency. If women wish to establish a higher standard of sex morality, they must begin with the full comprehension of the truth. As ecclesiastical and social opinion now stands, we recognise as lawful, and so moral, only the union of marriage, thus classing as immoral all other sex relationship—which is to say that all unmarried men are immoral. Logically and actually that is the position, and it is so tacitly recognised. In plain words, it is the position of hypocrisy.

If we women are to find a remedy for this curious

panjandrum morality of ours, we must work for two ends: Either we must look into and reform the whole conditions and principles controlling marriage, which in modern civilisation is largely an economic factor; making of marriage a State virtue, desirable and contractable at all ages, regardless of monetary conditions; or we must face the matter from a non-clerical point of view, from the standpoint of applied sociology, and promote an entirely new attitude towards what is moral or immoral in sex relationship, which would mean nothing less than a revolution. It is conceivable that the institution of marriage for all men who have reached the age of twenty might bring about an immediate amelioration in our moral and social life, for prostitution in all its ramifications would be starved, and as the sex needs of the nation were satisfied, so would the economic factor on the one side and the physical factor on the other be eliminated as motives. Such an institution would demand a fresh consideration of the Marriage Laws. Obviously, divorce would have to be made easy, as it is in Scandinavia, where, as a fact, such an institution is virtually on trial. The weakness in the solution lies in the family. A fluid condition of marriage would dissolve our whole conception of the family. Unless as a part of some comprehensive Socialistic State scheme, it is difficult to imagine English life in such conditions; at present it would hardly seem worthy of discussion.

The alternative is a new conception of morality—the recognition, that is, of the necessity of woman to man, the recognition of celibacy in man as an unnatural and undesirable condition. When we women have grasped that, we shall have taken the first step towards reform. Such an idea, of course, is opposed to the teachings of Protestantism and to all the prevailing notions of morality. But, personally, I cannot but think that women, as they advance and inform themselves about matters which hitherto have rigidly been withheld from them, will sooner or later have to come to some definite conclusion on this subject; for it concerns not only their sex, it concerns the race.

There are ominous suggestions of a new type of woman —a neuter woman, the product of our modern industrial system. There are signs of a new type of man. These are things that concern the welfare of the State. The

great numerical superiority of women in this country is unique in Europe; it is not a normal condition; it is not improbably the result of generations of Puritanical oppression and sex constriction, which have combined to weaken the male ascendancy. To us women it is a sorrowful state. It means that many of us can never marry, are doomed to be motherless, and it also means that in any combat with man we are hopelessly handicapped, because from our numbers we are in the position of an *embarras du choix*. It is the men in modern England who can afford to be critical; we women dare not. For every man wishing to marry, there are three women waiting to be married. Here we have an anomaly which strikes at once at the root of the whole problem. In some way, it would seem, we have offended nature, who, as she always does, has retaliated. The situation is not healthy. It is for us carefully to consider it.

As the mother of five grown-up sons, I admit it is the source of earnest regret to me that only one is married, that largely for economic reasons the remaining four are still leading bachelor lives—lives inimical to all the finer ideals of our sex. Yet, as conditions are, I do not know that I have any right to censure them. I have often talked to them about marriage, and always I have received the same answer: "I cannot afford it." I will not pretend that I am satisfied. I am not. It grieves me profoundly to think of my boys divorced from the love and care of home and family, thus contributing to the disjointed morality of our modern civilisation. Yet I cannot see how they can well help it. And there are thousands in similar case. I say emphatically, if this is the higher civilisation, it is a sorry affair. And I cannot help thinking that we women are largely to blame for it. We complain of our numbers, of our lot, of our economic position, of the immorality of men, and all the while we refuse to see the beam in our own eye. It is we who have hitherto failed to tackle these questions; who by ignorance and acquiescence have allowed this condition of sex estrangement and sex hypocrisy to grow up until in our turn, driven into the open by necessity, we have at last torn down the veil. We are beginning now to understand, yet I much fear we are beginning at the wrong end. It is not men who need reforming so much as we silly women, ruled by type and

convention, by fashion and blandishment, by trinkets and tinsel, by display and folly, so that sometimes when I see the extravagances and waste of women's frocks and gewgaws, when I hear her empty cackle, when I see her hollow smile, I am tempted to think that all our talk is only so much manifestation and shallowness, and that we shall do nothing, either to help men or ourselves.

I read the other day in a pamphlet advertising a fantastic novel on *The White Slaves* these words under the name of the Bishop of London: "It is time that men and women's eyes were opened to what is taking place." How magnificent! But if the Bishop of London would pause to think, he would be aware that these "white slaves" exist because of the difficulties of modern marriage, the reluctance of men to enter into a lifelong pact fraught with such grave economic liabilities and with such uncertainty, precisely because of the wooden attitude of the Church and Society towards the great and growing problem of unnatural celibacy. Pulpit morality of that sort is really harmful, because it tends to obscure the truth, to lead women to believe in nostrums and philacteries. If the Bishop were to come forward and say, "These slaves there will always be so long as women refuse to face the cause which leads to the demand," how many of us would not come forward and kiss the hem of his apron! For this cause, what is it? Simply this: thousands of youths and grown men prowl about the city like wolves, with money in their pockets and warm blood in their veins, and the physiological necessity that drives them is sex. Philosophically viewed, this army of men are acting on a perfectly natural impulse. In the English State they are sex outlaws, and to their numbers must be added the legion of "unhappy" husbands, widowers, and most men separated from their wives. That is the cause of what we call immorality. And I am not referring merely to street prostitution, which is only a side manifestation. Every normal man who is not happily married is an outlaw in this sense. In France they call any relationship that is not one of love *rigoler*—to amuse oneself. It is characteristic of the different points of view. We can legislate as much as we please about prostitution; it will avail little. When we think of the number of these outlaws, the appalling magnitude of the legitimate,

but in existing conditions immoral, sex demand, we women may well hesitate before we rush in to deal with a problem which has hitherto defied the solution of all civilisations. Enforced celibacy is the true problem awaiting scientific treatment. And one of the first things we women will have to consider is whether our entire attitude towards what is termed morality is not a fallacy which leads to immorality.

The task for us is the courage of clear thinking. We have got to be clear about the distinctive functions of man and woman in life, not to seek to confound them. We have got to be clear about what we mean by morality, the morality of divinity or of scientific exigency which the ecclesiastics fiercely oppose. To claim one morality for both sexes is to ignore perfectly plain and demonstrable anatomical and physiological differences which can never be brought into relation: it is to try to frustrate nature. I would implore my sex to be very careful how they plunge into social experiments affecting the whole structure of society without the fullest appreciation of the potential consequences both to themselves and to society. I am not without hope that some of us will rise up to organise and direct a movement which in idea contains much that is good and urgent, much that may even lead to a truer and nobler morality. But let us remember always that we are women, and men are men, and that no theories or laws will ever alter that distinction. Acceptance of that fact must be the ground plan of any new Moral Code that is to be efficacious. We women will always appeal to men primarily physically—beauty, therefore, will always be our chief valuation. The question is, such being the law of life and race-preservation, how are our ideas of Morality to be subordinated to the natural desire of man for woman without which there could be no love and no continuity; how far, in short, we women can afford to recognise that the true Morality is only thinkable or obtainable through the purity of sex union and the complete recognition of its necessity, as the natural right of the individual.

The Late Lord Gorell and Divorce Law Reform

By E. S. P. Haynes

It may well seem a little bold to try to estimate the late Lord Gorell's achievements as a reformer of the divorce law, but I have two small advantages. In the first place, I had the honour of some personal acquaintance with him, as my father was (to use his own words in a letter to me in 1911) "perhaps the oldest friend I had." In the second place, I began working at divorce law reform, without knowing his own views, about two years before his famous decision in *Dodd v. Dodd*, and had various conversations with him on the subject during the years that followed.

Of his personal character my friend, Mr. Filson Young, observantly wrote the day after his death:—"Lord Gorell, by a curious paradox, although a brilliant and masterly lawyer, was one of the simplest of men. . . . The thing that most impressed me about him was that in spite of years spent in the Divorce Court . . . he should still retain an entirely unspoiled faith in human nature, and believe, as he said, that everyone less simple, less good, less conventional than himself was an exception." He was an exceedingly warm-hearted man, with a real passion for more than legal justice, but he rigorously avoided sentimental expressions. His speech in the House of Lords on Divorce Law Reform was passionate in conviction but dispassionate in phrase. He was so sincere and unworldly and ready to see the best of men and women that I, for one, find it difficult to forgive the Archbishop of Canterbury's suggestion in the House of Lords debate that Lord Gorell, by reason of his long experience of divorce cases, had lost something of that pristine innocence which is so notoriously characteristic of the ecclesiastical mind! He had seen and studied many types of human beings, he had travelled very widely, he knew many foreign languages; but in days when we are

largely governed by Celts, it is refreshing to remember how English he was in character and how thoroughly he loved and understood English traditions. With all his freedom from insularity, I have been told that he felt happier in his country home, where he took a great interest in farming, than anywhere else.

Yet I fear that his greatness of mind and character has never been adequately appreciated except by his friends and colleagues. The newspapers put all public men into pigeon-holes. The pressmen knew that he was a great lawyer and a great judge, but no more. He was too busy ever to write a book. The general public do not read judgments any more than blue books. Only those who have read his judgments and the Notes with which he concluded the Royal Commission on Divorce, can adequately realise the massive learning and versatile receptivity of his mind.

Lord Gorell, after an extensive Admiralty practice, was made a judge in the Probate, Admiralty, and Divorce Court in 1892 at the age of forty-four. He brought a singularly fresh mind to the divorce work instead of an accumulation of crusted prejudices and pseudo-ecclesiastical presumptions. He realised that he was deciding the destinies of men and women, and not merely shifting a number of pawns about on a legal chessboard. I have no personal knowledge of what his opinions were on the question of reform till 1906, except that he would not tolerate any perfunctory performance of those particular duties.

At this point it may be well to take a survey of public opinion on the divorce question.

The compromise of 1857 had satisfied few reformers. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Palmerston wished to make desertion, and such men as Henry Drummond cruelty, a ground for divorce. There was a strong body of opinion in favour of giving the County Courts divorce jurisdiction, and certain local facilities were actually given which became obsolete in 1861. Lord Palmerston had carried through a measure which was probably in advance of contemporary opinion, and the subsequent passivity of reformers must have been largely due to the feeling that things had been and might be worse. The growth of the Neo-Catholic movement did much to check further progress, and in the

'seventies much reforming energy was concentrated on improving the economic position of married women. In the *Fortnightly Review* of 1885 the late Sir George Lewis tried to rouse public opinion. In 1888 there was an agitation in the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1892 a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons to make desertion a ground of divorce and to put the sexes on an equal footing, which was supported by Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Asquith, and others. There was a constant under-current of protest from enlightened thinkers such as Mr. Lecky and Mr. Bryce, but it remained an undercurrent. The question was shirked partly by reason of its inherent difficulties, but even more by reason of its unattractiveness for politicians in a clerical country.

So far as legislative activity went, the question slumbered till the introduction of Earl Russell's first Bill in the House of Lords in 1902. This was ill received, partly because it introduced the principle of divorce by consent, and partly because of its author's own matrimonial misfortunes. It is difficult to see why a man who has suffered under a law should not suggest how it should be amended, but in a prudish country like England such conduct seems to savour of immodesty. Lord Russell's next Bill, in 1905, which was merely to make desertion a cause of divorce, was better received, but the movement was still far from popular. In 1904 I became Secretary of a Society of which Lord Russell was President, and which was subsequently amalgamated into the Divorce Law Reform Union. I remember a general meeting at Clifford's Inn in July, 1905, when only five members appeared and thought that the Society should be dissolved, but Lord Russell and I both maintained that some case of gross hardship might at any time rouse public opinion.

We had not long to wait. In April, 1906, Lord Gorell, sitting as President of the Divorce Court, gave his famous judgment in the case of *Dodd v. Dodd*, and scathingly exposed, though in studiously moderate language, the shocking hardships due to the combined operation of the separation orders produced by the lax legislation of 1895 and the inequality of the sexes in the matter of adultery. The judgment bore obvious traces of long research into the history of divorce and reflection on the modern practice.

On the morning of its publication I called Lord Gorell's attention to the fact that a Society already existed for the reform of the law, and he asked for full particulars, which I sent him. The decision brought fresh and unexpected support from Mr. Ramsay-Fairfax and Mr. Gates, who joined forces in the cause.

Lord Gorell obviously occupied a stronger position by not identifying himself at that time with any public agitation, but he was always interested to hear what was going on. I remember that in 1906 he thought it would be difficult to extend the activities of the King's Proctor to the County Courts, and he feared that no measure would succeed which dispensed with that official's activities. He considered the extension of the existing facilities for divorce to the poor a matter of primary importance, especially as it would expose the defects of the existing law on a large scale. Though always minimising the importance of his own work, he could not help admitting one day that he "had set the ball rolling." Indeed, it soon became a snowball. The Press were induced to take up the subject, and when once the taboo of silence was broken, they found it good copy, for Lord Gorell's decision had had the effect of the little child's remark about the Emperor and his clothes in Hans Andersen's fairy story. Mr. Gates, as Secretary to the Union, gave much instruction to itinerant reporters, and certain unwitting bigamists became objects of sympathy instead of being treated as desperate criminals in the newspapers.

On the 14th July, 1909, Lord Gorell addressed the House of Lords from the cross-benches on the subject of divorce for the poor. He read some of the piteous letters he had received from many persons who had been trying for years to save sufficient money to obtain a divorce, characteristically remarking, "My Lords, it is not pleasant to receive such letters." The House listened with respect, but without much apparent sympathy, to a forcible exposure of the wrongs of the poor in connection with a branch of the law with which a certain proportion of them were presumably well acquainted, but they listened far more attentively to the mellifluous but vague criticisms of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose politic denunciations of divorce were somewhat weakened by his relationship to

Archbishop Tait, a prominent supporter of the Act of 1857.

The result of this debate was the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the whole question of divorce, and not merely the question of the best procedure in relation thereto as in 1857. Of Lord Gorell's work on the Commission I naturally know nothing, and indeed I did not see him again, except when I gave evidence in 1910. But it may be supposed that the findings of the Majority Report and the unanimity of the Commissioners on various important points must have given him great satisfaction, though the labour involved must equally have imposed a very severe strain on his powers. We may also conjecture that he might have taken an active part in rousing public opinion on the question had public opinion remained apathetic, but such speculation is sadly unprofitable now.

What remains on record for all time is printed at the end of the evidence before the Commission, namely, the "Notes prepared by Lord Gorell as to the principles on which divorce legislation should proceed." Blue books are so little read that I venture to indicate the more salient features of this very remarkable and learned contribution to the subject.

At the outset he calls attention to the fact that "we live in a world that would hardly be recognised by our grandparents" owing to the progress of physical science, and "although discovery may be in its infancy and mysteries of the universe are still undiscovered, and may perhaps remain insoluble, much has been done to free the human mind from superstitious beliefs and terrors, and from that dark ignorance which for so long overshadowed human life." Such ignorance in earlier times "affected man's whole outlook on life."

The whole conception of the relation of the sexes has changed. A wife is not now entirely the property of her husband. Lord Gorell might have cited a vast number of cases in the eighteenth century (with which he was no doubt familiar) showing the astonishing barbarities to which a wife was then supposed to submit. He continues: "Even in the present day the idea which used to be universal is not yet extinct, that a woman ought to continue cohabita-

tion . . . out of deference to her marriage vows, although her husband's vicious example and teaching may be ruinous to her children already born, and intercourse with her may result in the production of diseased and degenerate offspring."

He then proceeds to an exhaustive discussion of the theological side of the matter. He refers to the decline of the belief in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures and to a letter of the late Bishop Creighton dated the 18th March, 1895, to the effect that "the Gospel consists of principles, not of maxims." He concludes his examination of theological writers thus:—"I think that no one can fail to be struck by the fact that, starting from the same sources, they have reached totally different conclusions; some, that according to Christ's teaching marriage is to be regarded as indissoluble, others that it is dissoluble on one ground; others that it is dissoluble on two grounds; others again have gone further and admit other grounds." Theologians "have been not unnaturally influenced by the condition of society in their own day, by the existence of abuses which have passed away, and by their opinions on matters as to which their conceptions were affected by their own state of knowledge and the beliefs which then prevailed." This, he thinks, may account for the divergence of lay opinion from "the more rigid views of certain sections of the clergy. The attitude of the lay witnesses . . . seems also to show what anyone with the experience of, say, the last forty or fifty years must have noticed, namely, the gradual but increasing decline of ecclesiastical ideas among the laity."

In his final summary he points out that "causes other than death do in fact intervene to make continuous married life practically impossible. . . . It is useless to maintain a tie in theory which is broken in fact, when an attempt to maintain it leads to disastrous results to the parties, their children, and the State. Two people about to marry contemplate the ordinary vicissitudes of life, but they do not naturally contemplate "that either would absolutely break the vow of fidelity, would treat the other with such violence as to render joint life unsafe, would break up the home and leave for another part of the world, or would be placed shortly afterwards in a lunatic asylum or confined as a hopeless drunkard or criminal."

Almost his last words are, "I desire to observe . . . that difficulties in the relation of Church and State which may occur if certain changes in the law take place, might not be difficulties if Christian teaching and sound human principles came to be regarded in the future as being in accord."

How long the fabric of supernatural religion can endure on a foundation of common sense and "sound human principles" is to some persons problematical, but the social importance of the issues raised by Lord Gorell is beyond question. Some of the gravest social questions have been settled in a hurry, and without the assistance of men like himself; our own generation may be congratulated on having obtained the reasoned opinion of a man equally eminent in character and intellect. On the roll of the great men who have tried to reform our marriage laws he may take his place with Sir Thomas More and Sir Samuel Romilly as one who achieved the perhaps rare happiness of an ideal marriage without losing sympathy with those less fortunate than himself.

He would have been the last to admit that the cause for which he worked need suffer by reason of his death. Yet his death cannot but bring a feeling of discouragement as well as of irretrievable loss. History teaches us that only men of his rare mould can save society from violent and crude transitions. If we cannot reform our marriage laws in time, we may live to see some odd substitutes for marriage as we know it now. His death is indeed premature, yet

> "The bough that falls with all its trophies hung,
> Falls not too soon, but lays its flower-crowned head
> Most royal in the dust, with no leaf shed
> Unhallowed or unchiselled or unsung."

And as Renan once luminously wrote :—

> "La raison triomphe de la mort, et travailler pour elle, c'est travailler pour l'éternité."

The Art of M. Louis Gillot

By A. Stodart Walker

PERHAPS the most effective idea that painters have forced into the intelligence of the modern is that subject in art is of little significance in limiting the field of æsthetic expression. Each age, from the days of the primitives, down through the resplendent eras of Italy, Holland, and Spain, had its own area from which to select its artistic material, and as each new field was opened the pioneers earned the reward of dispraise which is the penalty for all intellectual and æsthetic "vagabonds." "The keepers of the house" have always aimed at a policy of exclusion, and they have had their value as devil's advocates. There was never anything of import in the world that did not arouse opposition. The unopposed idea, the idea that does not create antagonism and even repulsion, has always been insignificant. One does not argue with a negation. It is only great truths that arouse the fury of mankind. But the truth breaks through. And with regard to the canons of the æsthetic, it is only the artist himself who can have anything to say upon them. We have not got nature in our pocket as a joiner's foot-rule. If we call a thing ugly, the great painter arises who flings the lie in our face, as Rembrandt did with his side of beef, and Teniers, Jan Steen, and Brackenburg with their Dutch boors.

To the majority without vision, the idea of beauty will ever remain associated with the evident beauty of the flower, the sun-kissed waterfall, the subtly chiselled face of a woman. It is an insult to their intelligence when you insist that there is beauty in the squalor of a slum; in a knacker's yard, *vide* William Orpen; in a pile of scaffolding, *vide* D. Y. Cameron and Muirhead Bone; in a building reduced to cinder, *vide* James Pryde. So convinced are the majority as to the limitation of beauty that, as the train hurtles forth through the manufacturing centres of the

Midlands or the mining areas of the North, they turn their backs with disgust, and call to their mind some phrase from Plato and Ruskin to act as an authoritative "pat on the back" for their own blindness. Even to more finely graved intelligences the matter of beauty in such surroundings might have remained a mystery had not the artist stepped forth with his message. Art is the revealer of Nature. Carrying his own artistic distance with him, the painter, with his power of selection and co-ordination, opens out a new area of vision to us, and shows us the beauty of smoke and squalor, of fire and soot-laden brick. He reads for us a manuscript written in an unknown tongue. With the wizard's hand he transforms not only the thing observed, but, more significantly, the eye of the observer.

These thoughts came to the mind when we visited the remarkable collection of paintings by M. E. Louis Gillot in McLean's Galleries in the Haymarket. Here are the philistine's coins of ugliness transformed under the wizard hand of a great painter into things of rare beauty. Here is not the mere talent of transcription, but the genius of interpretation. Mind and passion are here combined to inspire wonder. Force, energy, even fury, are transformed into beauty; the evident "unmorality" of chaos into the ethics of form. These vast factories, with their chimneys like the fingers of a giant's hand reaching to the clouds, wrapped round by sweeping masses of smoke, come to us on the canvas as rich masses of superb decoration. The immensity of things, almost the cruelty of things, are transformed into a beauty which thrills, even enchants. There is nothing dead or insignificant here, but so alive and moving is the grandeur of the whole that we may miss the subtle delicacies of detail which have been necessary for the perfection of the *ensemble*. The colour schemes are the schemes of the synthetic artist. Each tone moves through the picture in its correct order. There is nothing isolated, unassociated, detached, as there is nothing insignificant. Despite the vastness of the painter's issue, the largeness of the material, there is no note of colour, however small and seemingly trivial to the uninitiated, that could have been omitted without disaster to the whole. For though the canvases give the impression of spontaneity, it is the spontaneity that must not be confused with reck-

lessness. Close observation of tonal effects convince one that as much care has been taken to ensure correct colour approximation as in the minutest issues which weighed with a Pre-Raphaelite in a scheme entirely different and in a method diametrically opposed. Where there is any weakness indeed, it springs from an over-accentuated desire to please the eye in a pause through its sweeping movement over the whole regiment of paint. But these weaknesses are few, and are indeed measures of the painter's greatness.

Alfred Stevens once declared that "it is easier to draw a violent than a simple movement"; yet the impression one receives from M. Gillot is that underneath all his force and audacity lies an essential simplicity. He never avoids a difficulty by mere slipshod methods. His vigour is not violence. He attains his impression of vigour by his power of selection and by his close study of essentials. He will probably confound the philistine because he never allows you to be obsessed by the fact that his artistry is achieved by what is called "hard work." He is too great a painter to obsess the observer with the feeling of the hodman's endeavour, though it may be that, in certain seemingly unimportant passages, he has "sweated blood."

In the pictures of factories, as in his ceremonial groups, the feeling of "*plein air*" is impressive. The atmosphere "sings." Paint calls to paint in a note of joyance and accompanied by the ring of cymbals and the rattle of drums. There is nothing in the way of still-life, nothing that is not vibrating with movement and energy. Rich, glowing, pulsating colour dominates. The impression is one of "life, all life"; full, free, eloquent, not merely rhetorical in expression. The painter does not, like many of the old landscape painters, paint his exteriors as if they were interiors. We have the light, the hum, the breath of the open air—as we have it in McTaggart, in David Cox, in Turner, and all the great landscapists who knew that atmosphere is as important an element as the things which it surrounds. In the subtle approximation of the colour tones necessary to convey this unity of mass and atmosphere M. Gillot proves himself a master, as richly endowed as the men of the Glasgow school, who by their early landscapes transformed the ideals of the prevalent British schools, who were perpetuating that "emptiness" which meant death to

their presentations of open-air studies. The public, monovisualised so long by the tyranny of the photograph, had never paused to correct their vision by a study of the interrelation of earth and atmosphere, and so were shocked to discover that painters of vision insisted on telling them something they did not know.

The genius of M. Gillot is not confined to a mere spiritualisation in paint of the titanic and the convulsive. In his Coronation and other ceremonial canvases, and in his "pure" landscapes, he is as much a master as in his studies of factory and furnace. Nothing is so exhilarating as enthusiasm, and it is impossible not to extend a brave welcome to M. Gillot and express a hope that he may continue to give us the fruits of his visual genius and his masterly brush. Faithless to none of the canons of great art, he has given us a new faith which must be of definite import to all those to whom living Art is something of a passion.

Tag Politics

By the Editor

THERE was a comedian at the Halls not long ago who, whenever attention seemed to flag, thrust a hat on his head, pulled it down over one eye, and, folding his arms, said "Napoleon," and immediately and invariably the public responded, perhaps because one never knew when he was going to say it, for sometimes he would put his hat on at another angle and shout "Mozart"—which wasn't funny at all. The rest of his stunt was commonplace enough, yet the man earned big money, and won our hearts nightly by this absurd ejaculatory iteration. Theatrically, it was very clever of him. Napoleon is a fine resonant name, standing for something quite definite, authentic, traditional; its use as a vehicle of laughter had the effect at once of shock and reaction, flattering our vanity, like tweaking the monkey's tail outside the bars; yet had he said Gladstone, Hannibal, Cicero, Bismarck, Torquemada, or Augustus John, probably nobody would have laughed at all.

The American artist knew that. In his deliberate choice of the word Napoleon he showed a nice literary-dramatic sense, on the docket principle of modern advertising. The bathos was sustainable. He reckoned on that. It was the "little Mary" business, that is all. Yet this vulgarism of Sir J. M. Barrie has passed into the English tongue, and one can hear fat Germans on the Riviera order "yet another glass" to soothe their "Mariechen." Humanity, of course, invariably responds to tags and labels, as it prefers a philactery to a prescription, an oracle to a philosopher, sophistry to wisdom, and almost any mystery or mystification to anything so dull as fact. The three essential principles of civilisation—truth, logic, definition—are the three

hated things of it, for the sum of mediocrity is convention, as originality is its bugbear. Thus the false gods, the false values, the alloy worship of the mob in affairs, in art, in life generally; the stoning of genius, of the seer, the path-finder, the truth-seeker, and always the acclamation of the idol and the idolater.

Tags, phrases, nicknames, slang—the modern headline—these are the intoxicants of language, which move and lead us just like a piece of colourel calico inspires an army. So frail is sanity, so loth humanity to reason, that even the best of us are willing almost at any time to sink the nobility of our minds in the penumbra of what we call the soul, ready always to believe rather than to know. We hear the call "No Popery," and instantaneously it is the natural Protestant desire to break open the skull of every Catholic about him. Carson says, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right"; and every Catholic prays a bead to Alva and the Holy Saints. For belief, which may be defined as hope, which, in turn, may be described as mental emotion, most of us will barter all the largess of truth and knowledge that we possess; just as a Catholic detaches his "belief" from all reason of logic or philosophy. We clutch and cling to this Faith, the spar of our human conscience, as for our soul we prostitute the mind. Napoleon! We are carried away. Think—we do not want to think! Know—we do not want to know! The Truth—nothing more dull and so objectionable! If we were perfect, there would be no Paradise. If we knew all, where would be the significance of life? If we were purely sensible men and women, we would not covet—therefore we would not love; we would not envy—therefore we would not hate; but if we neither loved nor hated, what motive should we have for life, or what justification?

Imagine a theatre of people who had rid themselves of all littleness and prejudice, all silliness and superstition, all idolism and ignorance, all jealousy and pretence, and then picture this fellow on the stage, bashing his hat over his eyes every other minute, saying "Napoleon" to them, like some funny uncle at a Christmas party. Obviously the turn would be a failure. The man would be below the intel-

lectual level of his audience, whereas in reality he was above it. To make us laugh, he had to influence us in some way, but as there are only two ways of influencing people—by convincing or imposing upon them—it is quite clear that what he did was to create an illusion—or, in other words, he imposed upon us.

If Jesus Christ is the historical example of conviction, Hell is the standard example of imposture, which, as we know, dominated the entire Christian world till, one may say, the era of the airmen. Of the two, there is no question as to which has been the stronger influence. The gentleness of Christ, or the vindictiveness of Hell Fire? It is easy to understand why. To be like Jesus, to have no guile, no evil, no envy—humanity found that inhuman, impossible, dull, even while it accepted the reality of the Man and glorified the purity of His teaching. Though this belief in the life and immanence of Jesus is the foundation of all forms of Christianity, as it is the justification of all the wars, murders, and persecutions perpetrated in His name, it is the fire of Hell which has impressed itself through all these centuries upon the imaginations of men—the silly imposture of damnation which hardly a Sicilian scullery-maid to-day believes in. If a man from Mars were to come down upon this planet and inquire what had been the great governing force since the Year One, we should have to tell him that this fear of Hell Fire had—torment: in itself inconsistent with the entire teaching of Him who died for us.

We realise that now after 1,900 years of credulity. The callowest lad in any Polytechnic school can see that the conception of Our Lord associated in any way, human or divine, with anything so terrible—if true, or so childish—if false, as eternal punishment, presents a contradiction of idea not only utterly unphilosophic and repellent, but self-destructive and un-Christian. The Drury Lane clown brought this home to me at an early age; nor could I ever witness the leapings in the air of the policemen or any of the other performers at the touch of the hot poker without conjuring up the state of mind of the individual grilling like a mutton-chop over the fire, all over too and for ever. It didn't seem fair; nor, *per contra*, could I imagine any-

thing even remotely equivalent in value as the reward for goodness, for, after all, angels—as a child I was often told that children were angels, and from experience I had serious doubts about them! No miracle ever wrought is half so astounding as this imposture of Hell, this half-courage of mankind, afraid to shake itself free from what to millions and millions of admirable, striving folk was nothing less than a lifelong nightmare of terror.

Hell! Napoleon! Marconi! To-day it is Marconi. The whole affair is built up on the iterative principle of the funny man who made us all laugh by ejaculating Napoleon. Marconi, too, stands for something definite and authentic. It is a full, vocal word. Though in the dock, in Parliament, in the press, the charge of "corruption" brought against Ministers has been withdrawn, dismissed bravely by Mr. Balfour, publicly by Lord Robert Cecil, the "affair"—for it is nothing more or less—has become a big national scandal, and is frankly acknowledged by the Conservatives to be as good a watch-cry as "Chinese Labour." It is a case very largely of auto-suggestion, on the method of our friend's Napoleon. By dint of iteration, Marconi has caught on. By method of implication it has passed into the current coinage of speech as a synonym for Ministerial jobbing, and as such it is likely to remain.

The whole question, of fact and principle, comes to this: that certain Ministers have not fully observed the "rule of prudence"—the rule, that is, that Ministers ought carefully to avoid all transactions which could give colour or countenance to the belief that they are doing something forbidden by the rules of obligation—rules which, however, as Mr. Asquith stated in the House with the approval of both parties, had not been broken by any Minister. Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs both made public confessions—a spectacle only conceivable on the part of Ministers in this country. If it is only this matter of imprudence, what does all this hullo-balloo mean? Why is it that the country accepts the cry Marconi, when it declined Tariff Reform and all the prophecies of Mr. Chamberlain? Once again it is the triumph of imposture. Marconi amuses; it is a rag; it suggests, implicates, disturbs. It

has enabled the public to use its imaginative faculty of disproportion and slander. A man meets another and says, "Marconi, you bet," and it is enough. It is not what he knows about it that interests him, but what he does not know, what he thinks there "must be behind it." For, of course, he is sure there is something behind it. Probably George has made half a million! Any absurdity, why not? The mental activity of the audience is stirred; and it is grateful for it. The facts about the Insurance Act bored us, as Finance Tariff figures bored us. Marconi is another matter. All the romance of possibility lies in an affair like that. It touches us on the Englishman's weak spot—moral self-righteousness. At once he forgets all about Christ; he thinks of Hell, of fierce punishment. "Damn this Chancellor," he says to himself, "growing rich at my expense. Expose him! Down him! Damn him!" All the self-righteous littleness of the insular Briton is flattered and satisfied. He feels an awfully worthy fellow, justified in shaking his head at a Minister's iniquity. Marconi!—he grins. Marconi!—he smiles. Marconi!—he rubs his belly-full of spleen and unction.

Most of the intellectual life of the country is on the Liberal side, for the idea of Liberalism is idealism, or, as Mr. H. G. Wells* grandiloquently wrote, "We are Liberalism." That does not mean that all the brains are Radical. Of course not. Birth, interest, ambition, religion, these things decide the coat of politics; moreover, a man can change that coat several times quite honestly and rightly, as parties themselves change their ideas, and politicians their leaders. But Liberalism being in its true and philosophic sense idealism as opposed to Conservatism, which accepts a fixed standard and stability, independence, individualism, courage, and initiative are obviously the chief qualities that inspire it, that in the long run, apart from all Party discipline, keep it together and impel its momentum, as, divided, weakened, and disseminated, they must necessarily dismember it. The power of Liberalism is thus a moral force, so the blow which breaks it down must also be moral.

* *Daily Mail*, June 19th.

Here, Marconi gets home. Not because there is any truth in the accusation of corruption, not because anyone seriously believes in any scandalous traffic on the part of the Government, but because it is a plausible hypocrisy which exposes an official hypocrisy. The Government of all the virtues and all the talents, a Ministerial powder-magazine of piety and godliness—it was a tempting bait for a modern Guy Fawkes, and neither Hell nor rack to funk him. A man must never be found out in Puritan England. The exemplary Ministry has been found out. These immaculate gentlemen speculated. Mr. Lloyd George actually thought he "could make a bit," over Samuel's telephone too. "Marconi! Napoleon! Right-ho! We'll take that up," said the public.

"Why on earth didn't the Party?" most people ask; and the reason is precisely because of the Party becoming now more and more the machine of discipline and organisation. Its best friends are annoyed. Its true guides and henchmen, the independent, John Bull Englishman, resent the woodenness of the Party *régime*, its allegiance to the false gods of vote-giving majorities, its subserviency to constituency parochialism, its cant, its smugness, its placemen and placehunters, the snobbery of its "good young men." The "we" of Mr. Wells look curiously at the Honours lists; to most of us they mean nothing. "We" hear too much about vote-catching legislation, too little about national legislation. "We" always have to keep a spy-glass on the Admiralty or on the War Office. "We" feel there is no national design about national questions of the utmost importance. "We" have the impression that the whole Party business is a drill-system policed and speeded-up, like an American pork-pie house. We accept Liberalism as the idealism which stands for genius. We don't feel we are getting it.

A miserable affair, new to English life, too, reminiscent of a Junta revolution in some South American Republic. Democracy! Perhaps. Or shall we say Tory Democracy, which is the latest thing in kinema politics, destined to blow up even the Irish phalanx. It is a curious spectacle. The strongest Government of modern times, supported by one

of the greatest brain-storms known in politics, felled, if not positively killed, by a cry which it is now admitted has no legal or political justification. The reason is the weakness of Party politics. Its official treatment shows a tenuity of fibre and idealism such as usually precedes surcease. If the Government ultimately falls as a consequence, it will be the fault entirely of its own Party vulnerability.

The Lesson of Paula Tanqueray

In a brief impromptu lecture the other night, Frank Harris proclaimed that there could be no criticism of great work —a statement I am inclined to accept; and that no critic ever discovered the great people of his time, as an example of which he instanced Sainte-Beuve, who, pouring out volumes of admirable literary criticism, yet missed all the genius about him, including so distinctive a force as Flaubert. As a generality, this dictum will hold. But the other night I saw *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—for the first time—and turning before going to sleep to Vol. I. of Bernard Shaw's "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," I was astonished to find how singularly just his estimate (written in 1895) of that play was, how exactly he praised what was praiseworthy, and exposed what was shallow, so that what Shaw wrote about it eighteen years ago was precisely what I felt about it the other evening, and Susan, who is an entirely modern girl, also felt about it, and probably Mrs. "Pat" and Sir George himself, who two decades ago created and were created by the play.

At the time, it broke over London like a thunderstorm. Considered even rebelliously daring and powerful, it was hailed as something bran new—the problem play. It made three reputations—Pinero, Alexander, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. For years it was talked about as an epochal play. The drama was in a very low intellectual state in 1893. To the London theatre-going public of that time, Mrs. Tanqueray did no doubt appear as a work of art, and certainly it was far above the culture of the audiences of St. James's Theatre, as ignorant and prejudiced about Ibsen and Shaw then as the modern British public is about Strindberg. A visit to Mrs. Tanqueray is therefore to be recommended. Those who saw it originally will find a nice pleasure in waiting for the old thrills. The young will wonder at their parents' sense of culture. For

the squeamishness of Ellean-Tanqueray-Pinero is incomprehensible to the modern English girl. The titled chorus lady has redressed the balance of the Paulas with a past. "What a silly lot of people!" Susan remarked to me at the end of the great scene which shook all the clubs of London twenty years ago. And that, of course, is the weakness of the whole business. Yet Shaw was the only man at the time who saw it and had the courage to point it out—which seems to show how important serious criticism is in the interest of art itself, as what a creative force it can be.

To-day there is nothing to add to Shaw's remarks on Mrs. Tanqueray. In 1893 the portrayal of character was practically unknown on the English stage; plays were wooden, machine-made things, written to types and accepted characterisations, and played on fixed, accepted lines, much as the Théâtre Français plays Molière. Paula—the Paula that made all London talk in the nineties—is, now we see, a wooden projection of Sir Arthur's, not an interpretation of character, so that to-day even Susan, who adores musical comedy, but thinks Shaw's views on matrimony somewhat banal and unconvincing, can see through the staginess of Paula's delineation, the hollow theatricality of the story and the technique, can feel the immense distance that art and the public have traversed in the last twenty years.

Compare the character-drawing of Paula with that of the artist in *The Great Adventure*, and at once we appreciate the change. Paula is merely the presentation of type, exactly the sort of woman Victorian convention pictured such a "person" to be, absurdly silly and unworldly, whereas, as a fact, women of her kind are particularly worldly and diplomatic. Arnold Bennett's artist, on the other hand, is more or less a real person; we do not know what he is going to do and say; we do not feel that all his actions derive from the play, and not the play from him; we can accept him as a plausible creature, and he interests us because we expect now to see some human characterisation on the stage instead of the marionettes of mechanical construction.

Susan, for instance, "loved" *Fanny's First Play*; she prefers *Strife* to *Hullo Ragtime*; she is awake and free

intellectually. And that, of course, is the change. Paula is as dull and unreal as the attitude of *The Spectator*—they are conventions, and conventions have their day, like every other dog.

It is interesting to recall this index finger of Bernard Shaw, for it shows how rare good judgment is, how invariably the popular estimate is wrong, and with it the bulk of contemporary criticism. For years Shaw was not even recognised, any more than Wagner was by German critics, or Strindberg by the Swedes. The new thought, the creative and revolutionary idea, are naturally perhaps hated and feared by the public, which likes its art to treat life exactly as it sees it, through the smoked glass of tradition and prejudice. It was because Pinero's play did not contain anything new that it was such a success, because it was merely a very clever theatricalisation of an accepted type and situation. One always likes a man who seems pleased at one's own understanding. So Paula pleased in 1893. She was a palpitating reality twenty years ago. To-day, Paula is merely a mannequin, like a fashion that has passed away.

Fine criticism is in reality indispensable to art, as a definer and upholder of standard by which alone progress can be estimated. It is a great and rare gift. Even the beauty and gorgeous personality of Mrs. Patrick Campbell cannot galvanise Paula into life to-day. Even Sir George is subdued under the artificial gentility of Tanqueray; nor can Nigel Playfair, who is one of our best actors, make Cayley more than an avuncular curiosity. As a play, it belongs to the class of the "great successes"; it has little to do with art. But Shaw's criticism had; and to-day—quite unconsciously—we justify him by our ability to spot the weaknesses in Paula. Such is the measure of art progress. We go to the St. James's, and we say exactly what Shaw wrote in 1895.

But this gain in the æsthetic valuation power of the public is due to the critic, not to the dramatist; to the critic who was creative, whereas the dramatist was merely affirmative. When Sir Arthur did write a finely constructed play drawn "on the life," it failed egregiously, though *Mid-Channel* was one of the very best things he ever wrote. Sir Arthur paid the penalty of his Paulas,

his Mrs. Ebbsmiths, &c., like the actor who is doomed to a popular "tic." Sir George Alexander has done an educational service in reviving Mrs. Tanqueray—he has flattered our art perception. Here we are to-day, most of us, standing much on the same ground as our finest critic preaching in the wilderness twenty years ago, and that probably is the relation in critical value of the public estimate generally. "Twenty years on," then, is the test. The Americans say a man needs "the time, the place, and the girl"; the critic needs a good many qualities, and, among them, the faculty himself of creation.

S. O.

Books of the Month

ART

LAWRENCE. By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG. Methuen. 21s. net.

That affair with the two daughters of Mrs. Siddons who were equally in love with Lawrence, while he, on his part, allowed them both to die without ever making up his mind which of them he liked best, is characteristic of the man. "In love he showed the same vivacity, facility, and want of depth we find in his art." Doubtless there is some quality resident in the canvases of a man when they retain their popularity after such a lapse of years; none the less, it may be their very speciousness which helps to make them favourites. This proposition is sustained —ably sustained, we think—in an illustrated monograph by Sir Walter Armstrong. The author, standing aloof from his subject, has given us a picture of Lawrence which is just without being sternly judicial; he throws a good deal of light, incidentally, upon that master's contemporaries in art. We see the good side of Lawrence—his genial altruism and winning personality; we see him as a painter—skilful, not overserious, and thoroughly satisfied with the praises which a superficial generation bestowed upon his works.

ANIMAL LIFE IN ITALIAN PAINTING. By WILLIAM NORTON HOWE, M.A. Grant Allen.

Some months ago we reviewed in these pages the excellent work of Miss Salter on *Nature in Italian Art*. Mr. Howe's study is on somewhat similar lines—he, too, traces a particular side-issue of the vast pictorial movement of the Renaissance. His book is not nearly so comprehensive, however; it is a little more than an enumeration, without commentary. But this enumeration, such as it is, will be found of the greatest utility to those who care to pursue the subject, for he has collected details with infinite diligence, and the volume contains not only a set of admirable illustrations, but a curious appendix counting up the various early Italian painters of birds and beasts, together with the creatures they immortalised —from apes and lions down to such small deer as the snail, crayfish, spider, and house-fly: a menagerie in which, needless to say, the domesticated species have been singled out for the most loving treatment.

BIOGRAPHICAL

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. (London: Constable & Co., Ltd. 1913.)

The story of John Bright's personal and public career was certainly worth telling by one of the most accomplished literary historians of our day. For one thing, it has never yet been properly told; for neither Mr. C. A. Vince, of Birmingham, who "did" Bright for the Victorian Era Series, nor Mr. Barry O'Brien, who published a "monograph" on Bright three years ago, nor Mr. George Barnett Smith, who wrote while Bright was still living, was quite equal to the task. Mr. Trevelyan is. He has the literary art which enables him to work into a finished picture "the sturdy image evoked by those two blunt Saxon (*sic*) syllables, 'John Bright.'" Also he has the requisite sympathy with his subject. He has

a hearty admiration for Bright, makes the utmost of the many respectable and creditable things he did, and has the greatest difficulty in finding that he was ever in the wrong, which he was, not infrequently, through the perverse limitation of his outlook. How could a man really understand England who regarded with mere resentment and disgust half the formative and controlling elements in the life of Britain, the Church, the landed interest, the whole aristocratic and country-gentleman class, the army, the navy, the colonies, the universities, the public schools, not to mention the whole body of those whom he lumped together as the "Tories." Nor does it appear that he had much real acquaintance with the working masses, or a genuine sympathy with their aims and sentiments, though he had a kindly desire that they should get enough to eat and drink, and be well clothed and provided with cheap books as well as cheap boots. He spoke of himself at times as a democrat; but his democracy manifested itself chiefly in a great dislike to lords and bishops and other socially privileged persons. And no doubt there was still plenty to be done between the 'thirties and the 'seventies in sweeping away privileges and inequalities of all kinds, from the pocket boroughs and the Corn Laws to the theological tests for degrees at Oxford. The Manchester men were splendid for this sort of work, and Bright was the best of all; for here, at any rate, he embodied popular aspirations, he really did represent the awakened democracy of the great industrial towns in their revolt against aristocratic and territorial feudalism and the influence of London society, and he could express what they felt with poetic and prophetic fervour. The passion which had been simmering in the breasts of the British middle-classes, Puritans, Nonconformists, Quakers, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, through a century and a half of Anglican, Whiggish, and oligarchical predominance, found voice when John Bright set the trumpet to his lips and blew. He was the inspired preacher of a people who, be it remembered, had been trained by six generations of sermons, whose only literature had been that authorised version of the Bible which Bright knew by heart, whose only real conception of a hero was that of an idol-breaker. Bright was always breaking idols, constantly (at least, in the best and most fruitful part of his career) calling upon the Lord to shatter false gods, denouncing the golden calves and the graven images of the heathens who worshipped at the altars of protection, militarism, franchise monopoly. He was the apostle of that triumphant, middle-class Protestantism which at length had its revenge in the nineteenth century for the persecutions of the seventeenth, and the social intolerance and political proscriptions of the eighteenth. It leaped into the saddle, rejoicing exceedingly over its own achievements, and no doubt honestly believing that it had emancipated the People from the fetters of the ages by the process of giving free rein to the individualistic spirit. What it did not see, or preferred not to recognise, was that this aggravated individualism was particularly advantageous to its own class and of very much smaller value to any other. Bright, with all his kindliness and charity, never really seems to have suspected that there was anything fundamentally wrong in the organisation of society as it prevailed at Rochdale. That a few capitalists and manufacturers should roll up their fortunes year by year, while the bulk of the industrial population toiled on for a little more than a bare subsistence, did not strike him as an unnatural or apparently an undesirable arrangement, provided that the toilers got their food cheap and were allowed to "better themselves" if they could. That they never would substantially better themselves by free and open competition in the labour market did not occur to him; still less that an educated proletariat endowed with political power would speedily seek for itself a larger share of the amenities, and even the luxuries, of life which were showered upon other classes. This was the cause of Bright's quarrel first with the Chartists, then with the Young Englanders and Conservative reformers who got the Factory Acts through in the teeth of his opposition, and finally with the latter-day Liberals of his old age, from whom he became widely estranged. There was more vision and insight into the condition-of-England question in

Disraeli's *Sybil* than in all Bright's speeches; and if Bright had lived down to the twentieth century era he would probably have found salvation beside Lord Cromer and Lord Courtney, perhaps in the same august assembly which they adorn. Indeed, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's famous dictum about the thirteen millions on the verge of starvation is in itself a condemnation, which Bright himself would never have uttered, of the middle-class Parliamentarians who had in the main ruled England for the previous sixty years. Nor did Bright properly grasp the situation of Britain in the international sphere. He saw that the Crimean War was a foolish blunder, and he had the courage to say so in despite of public opinion; he knew that there was a great deal of mere frothy confusion in the whole Palmerstonian foreign policy. But he was too ignorant of history, and too contemptuous of its lessons, to understand that an Island State, dependent for its very existence on commerce and imported food, could not survey the international chess-board with serene indifference. The Manchester school would have been invincible if all the world had been like Manchester, which was far from being the case. But it had its place in the evolution of modern English society and politics, bridging over the gap between the breakdown of oligarchical government and the era of reconstruction on a genuine democratic basis. Bright was its most remarkable figure, personally an estimable man, brave, honourable, virtuous, and with a fine old English passion for righteousness. Mr. Trevelyan has done him a little more than justice; but his biography is a skilful piece of work, smoothly written and carefully "documented," and it is a living, well-modelled portrait of the great orator of the older Radicalism that we get from his pages.

CRITICAL

THE MASTERS OF MODERN FRENCH CRITICISM. By IRVING BABBITT. Constable. 7*s.* 6*d.*

In our humble opinion, there is too much of a purely literary flavour in these papers. Their abstractions appeal to writers and critics rather than to ordinary readers, and the volume might have been entitled more correctly, "Methods (*not* Masters) of Modern French Criticism." For Masters are personalities, and when a man deals with personalities, we are legitimately induced to expect some small treatment of those incidents of their existence and those organic peculiarities which have moulded and directed their mental activities.

But though there is little of life in this book, there is much, and to the purpose, of letters. It is Mr. Babbitt's merit that a sound and stimulating philosophy underlies his views. His revolt against impressionistic methods is justifiable; his explanation of the anti-intellectual movement of our day convincing; his studies of men like Sainte-Beuve are among the most original of their kind. In short, the volume is the product of a sober and alert thinker. We could only wish that some of the opinions expressed in his Conclusion—on the "humanitarian fallacy," and so forth—were a little more familiar to the average English critic.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

ADVENTURES AMONG BIRDS. By W. H. HUDSON. Hutchinson. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Adventures among Birds is a series of twenty-seven chapters, each complete in itself, but sufficiently connected not to be open to the same objections as essays, and all relating to birds in the presence of Mr. W. H. Hudson and to Mr. Hudson in the presence of birds. As a rule, he is invisible to the birds, for he uses binoculars, and when he goes for a "prowl or saunter" he is "as often standing or sitting still as in motion";

where he does show himself, the anger of marsh-warbler, ring-ouzel, goldfinch, or sparrow-hawk adds fascinating attitudes and expressions to this wonderful portrait gallery. Most of the birds, with the exception of the South American cardinal, his first and only caged bird, are or were English, ranging from the least song-birds to the wild goose and the great soaring species whose extinction he so regrets, because "they were a feature in the landscape which made it seem vaster and the clouds higher and the sky immeasurably further away," and "the sight of them and the sound of their shrill reiterated cries completed and intensified the effect of Nature's wildness and majesty." Mr. Hudson enables us to understand in a more delightful and impressive manner than any other prose writer the meaning of phrases like "love of Nature" and "love of animals." The marshes about the lake village of Glastonbury make him long "to be back in the Somerset of that far time—the paradise of birds in its reedy inland sea, the lake of Athelney"; and in a hundred ways, a hundred very different ways, he shows what intense pleasure of the spirit, the intellect, and the senses he gains from birds. We are glad that he did not give the book the title which he would prefer, *The Adventures of a Soul, Sensitive or not, among the Feathered Masterpieces of Creation*, but it would have been accurate. Unlike all other natural history books, it is never trivial, because Mr. Hudson, a man who knows men, literature, and science, is always entirely absorbed in his subject, with an affection at once curious and passionate. No wonder then that, having that eternal desire "to reveal, to testify, to point out the path to a new enchanted realm which we have discovered," he writes books that for breadth and delicacy, for wildness and tenderness, for breathing, flashing, pulsating representations of the infinitely great and infinitely little in Nature, are unrivalled. The series of these books is now a long one, not enough, yet a feast. The earliest of them is a generation old, but this the latest of them is one of the three or four which we shall remember and re-read most often, partly because the variety of birds in it is so large and their voices and gestures and actions are so vividly painted, and partly because Mr. Hudson never paints a bird without showing the hand and the heart that paints it. It is part of the story of his heart, and an important one. The publishers have increased our cause for gratitude by printing as frontispiece a recent and excellent photograph of Mr. Hudson by Miss Marie Leon.

A Selection from Goldwin Smith's Correspondence. Collected by Arnold Haultain. Illustrated. T. Wernie Laurie. 18*s*. net.

"He was a most far-seeing man; and he made huge generalisations. And the questions which interested him were large questions." In these words Mr. Haultain admirably characterises a man who was one of the intellectual pillars of the last century. "Vastiest Goldwin" he was called at Oxford; and in the retrospect he, and a few others of his school, continue to become vaster as they become dimmer. He belonged to the golden age of intellectualism, when men of learning and academic knowledge were consulted by statesmen about affairs of State. Oxford in those days counted for much in the Empire. Jowett made it his business in life to turn out philosopher-kings for future Cabinets; England appeared to be governed according to the principles of Plato, and Ministers who were in doubt about democracy turned for guidance to men like Mill, Lecky, and Goldwin Smith. In one letter we find Goldwin Smith writing to Mr. Gladstone exhorting him to attend to the question of the newspaper Press, and presenting him with a scheme for a disinterested organ of opinion. The third Earl Grey writes him long letters seeking his opinion concerning the reform of the House of Lords.

But Goldwin Smith was not merely a man of learning and intellectual consistency, whose function it was to put practical matters to the test of principle and precedent. He had shrewd common sense and much knowledge of men. It was possible for him to turn from Oxford and London, and find satisfaction in the bracing atmosphere of America; and

his influence, like that of Mr. Bryce more recently, contributed to a better understanding between England and the United States. He becomes very indignant occasionally on the subject of English ignorance of the United States or Canada. "Is there a single journal open to the truth about the Canadian question? The wilful blindness of the English people on this subject reminds me of the eve of the American Revolution. They believe *The Times*, I suppose, when it tells them that Canada is 35 per cent. of the British Empire, and that the exodus from Canada to the States, comprising the flower of our youth, is the elimination of the weak who are unable to bear our bracing climate. *The Times* seems to think we have no stoves." The letters are never dull; but they are what we should call edifying rather than human. They are packed with wise opinion and perfectly digested thought, and as we read on we find ourselves moving in that spacious but orderly world which Victorian thinkers adjusted so exquisitely to their intellectual systems.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NEWSPAPER MAN. By FRANK DILNOT. Smith, Elder. 6*s*. net.

Most of Mr. Dilnot's "adventures" came to him while in the service of the *Daily Mail*. He is a good type of the special reporter or descriptive writer whose business it is to "write up" incidents in a popular way. It is his function to invest every affair that he reports with some sort of romantic interest; to make it as picturesque, as exciting, and as readable as possible. One must not suppose that the journalist of this class is always talking with his tongue in his cheek. The men who succeed—and Mr. Dilnot was counted a success—are the men who really possess the faculty of becoming enthusiastic, or, at any rate, excited about the events of every day; who can renew this excitement if necessary three hundred times a year, and convey it in popular, direct newspaper articles. Their romance is professional. The picturesque interest which Mr. Dilnot finds in a Welsh revival is closely associated with devotion to his newspaper. To feel interested is important; to send in interesting copy is still more important. All through the book we feel this two-fold psychological attraction—the interest in affairs, the interest in the *Daily Mail*—as we follow Mr. Dilnot on his breezy journey among ghosts in Wales, or when he attends American beauties travelling in the British Isles, or meets Dr. Crippen on his return from Canada, when he visits Russia, or encounters Lord Northcliffe. "Alfred Harmsworth," he says, "has inspired his servants not merely with enthusiasm, but with devotion"; and "most of those who have been in closest relation with him have felt the touch of affection." This is not a book which throws any new light on the methods, still less the secrets, of journalism; but it is a fair example of the writing of an intelligent, popular journalist when he has come upon "good, live copy."

LIFE IN THE WEST OF IRELAND. Drawn and Painted by JACK B. YEATS. Maunsel and Co. 5*s*. net; special edition, 21*s*. net. 1912.

NEW COMEDIES. By LADY GREGORY. THE BOGIE MAN; THE FULL MOON; COATS; DAWER'S GOLD; MCDONOUGH'S WIFE. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5*s*. net. 1913.

In these two volumes we have the features and voice of the Irish peasant. For British readers Mr Jack Yeats's sketch-book is an indispensable complement to the Abbey Street dramas—it gives the atmosphere in which they were born. The buzzing crowd of the racecourse, for instance, with all its humours and by-play, of which they only heard echoes in *The Playboy*, are here realised with extraordinary vigour and truth, with a vivid accuracy unparalleled by other Irish artists. We have the "Maggie" or Aunt Sally, with the keen faces of the man and woman whose perilous business it is to gather fresh ammunition among the flying sticks; the still harder pressed "Barrel Man," defending his own bombarded head against all comers—at three throws for a penny; the thimble-rigger and the intent gaze of his predestined victims; the shouting Steward of the

sports reducing his mettlesome crowd to order; and a dozen other aspects of the great day, the over-mastering passion of which shines from all eyes. The same thirst for excitement breathes from the other sporting scenes, not excepting the rain-drenched "regatta." A curious feature of the series is the small part played by women, the artist being almost completely asborbed by the *joie de vivre* of men and boys in the more explosive moments of their pursuit of sport, politics, and music. One regrets this all the more, as the few feminine sketches are admirable, and arouse a desire to see Mr. Yeats complete his picture of the countryside by giving us, as companions to the "Man with a Broken Head," who is obviously the Playboy's father, some of the types of womanhood in Synge's mind when he created Pegeen and the Widow, the young wife in the *Shadow of the Glen,* and the mother in the *Riders to the Sea.*

The position of Lady Gregory as a dramatist of Irish life is so well established, and she long since attained such a thorough command of her resources, that there is little new to say about the plays in the present volume. While proving that her humour is still fresh and unexhausted, they nevertheless leave the impression that she has contented herself with too slight a framework for complete success. It would seem as if she were tempted by her exceptional facility in improvising conversation to dispense with dramatic backbone. This does not apply, however, to *McDonough's Wife,* in which the piper expresses the triumphant revolt of the artist against circumstances, and his exultant pride in the pipes that secure for his wife, threatened with the unheeded burial of a pauper, a finer funeral than "many a lady dragging silk skirts through the lawns and flower knots of Connacht."

THE BODLEY HEAD NATURAL HISTORY. By E. D. CUMING. Illustrated by J. A. SHEPHERD. Lane. 2*s.* net.

The first volume of *The Bodley Head Natural History* deals with birds —the thrushes, the chats, the tits, the robin, nightingale, starling, wren, and others. Mr. E. D. Cuming's text is an epitome. Mr. J. A. Shepherd's illustrations fill most of the broad margins, after the manner of Mr. Thompson Seton's books. Thus on one page there are fourteen wash drawings of robins in as many different positions. The attitudes are vivacious. The general impression is humorous. It is natural history without tears. Best of all are the drawings of great and blue tits, of whose harlequin colouring the most is made. The second volume is also to be devoted to small birds; the third and fourth to animals; the fifth to larger birds; the sixth again to animals.

CHIVALRY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD. Henry Frowde.

Professor Schofield is well known on this side of the water by his fine history of English literature. In the papers now before us—delivered originally as lectures at the Sorbonne and in Copenhagen—he investigates the institution (the ideal, rather) of English chivalry from the early to the late Middle Ages. With abundant illustration, he sets before us the points of contact between chivalry and other contemporary influences, such as feudalism and Christianity; altogether, he has disentangled, as we think, with great artfulness the changing aspects of that singular exaltation of the mind which contributed so largely to the softening of manners. Our respect for "chivalrous" conduct is largely due to writers who have belauded such behaviour, and, acting on this principle, Mr. Schofield selects four of them—Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare—and shows that their attitude towards it is, respectively, pragmatic, romantic, esoteric, and historic. The first, he argues, presents a standard of conduct for the knight, the second for the noble, the third for the courtier, and the last for the man; Chaucer says, "do"; Malory, "avoid"; Spenser, "study"; Shakespeare, "be." This theme is prettily elaborated, and in contradistinguishing English chivalry from that of continental nations,

our author straightway hits upon its peculiar feature: in England, almost from the first, chivalry was *democratised*; it became "hardly separable from moral uprightness," and soon ceased to be the exclusive prerogative of a caste. Hence those insular notions of gentlemanliness and fair play which, being direct products of the *English* type of chivalry, are not confined to an aristocratic clique as elsewhere, but pervade the entire populace.

Professor Schofield's book would have been still more interesting had he recorded not only the benefits which chivalry has conferred on our national character, but some of the taints which it has left behind—our mawkish sentimentality in love affairs, for instance; or that fantastic theory which still lingers here and there, to wit, that a creature wearing petticoats, however vicious or wrong-headed, is *eo ipso* to be treated with reverence because her sex happens to be the same as that of the "Ideal of Womanhood," the Mother of God.

FEMINISM

SEX ANTAGONISM. By WALTER HEAPE, M.A., F.R.S., F.Z.S. Constable and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net. 1913.

The title of this short study is misleading, for it suggests a mass of data which cover the whole of human history, attain their extreme manifestations in the theological controversies, and the witch hunts of the Middle Ages, and are inextricably connected with economics. An exhaustive and impartial treatment of sex antagonism would be of the utmost value. Mr. Heape's book is neither exhaustive nor unbiassed. It is a monograph, criticising the theories of Dr. Frazer, as to the origin of totemism and of exogamy. It is written with ease and clarity, and contains a valuable chapter on birthmarks and the transmissibility of maternal impressions. This chapter, and a passage on page 181, prove that Mr. Heape keeps an open mind on subjects unconnected with the comparative biology and psychology of the sexes.

His ingenious theory is based on the unqualified assumption—disputed by Bloch, Kisch, and Ellis—that, in the words of Krafft-Ebbing: "Woman is fundamentally and organically frigid." He ignores individual variations of temperament, and discounts all the activities of women, except motherhood. Paradoxically, while thus dogmatising on women's nature, he maintains that between men and women, mutual comprehension and community of interests are alike impossible. It is difficult to recognise legal and economic facts in what he actually calls "the authority and power hitherto held by the mothers of the nation." There is a very strong case for the recognition of polygamy, but only in connection with maternity endowment and drastic industrial reorganisation.

FICTION

THE TEMPTATION OF TAVERNAKE. By E. P. OPPENHEIM Hodder, Stoughton and Co.

The strong and self-reliant person who is usually not quite a gentleman, and otherwise in trouble with the universe through poverty or crime, and the bewitching typist of high birth, who is so incomprehensibly reluctant to wed him, still figure as hero and heroine in this last novel of this remorseless novelist. I confess to a great and shameless fondness for tales of adventure, political or erotic, at the Savoy Hotel; but this series is not an adequate dose for those who have acquired "toleration" through addiction to these novels. Mere dipsomaniac millionaires (even if twins) and sirens pall. I insist on the typist snubbing the obtuse Prime Minister, and saving the country through the influence of the Press, more frequently.

This is the natural result of leaving food for drugs. "The caddy gives way to the dram-bottle." One did not mind *The Times* of 1860

being "dull." To-day we demand, "Give us this day our daily scare!" If my morning halfpenny fails to make my flesh creep, I feel that I have been cheated either of a day, or a halfpenny, or both; and as time goes on the continual crying of "Wolf! Wolf!" dulls even apprehension. One becomes like the people in the days of Noe. And one day the flood came.

May that day come soon! It is the only chance to restore public taste in literature!

APRIL PANHASARD. By MURIEL HINE. Lane. 6*s*.

This is quite an unreal story, but then nearly all modern English fiction is quite unreal and mirrors life in a convention as rigid as that of Chinese or Egyptian art. Its chill remoteness to life admitted, the story proceeds quite well in its own way. There are shrewd touches of observation, more of matters of fact and incident than of psychology, and some judicious sentimentality. The dialogue tends to be smart, but often only succeeds in being laborious. Miss Hine's characters have a way of snapping at each other like playful, barking dogs. The trail of the epigram lies over a considerable proportion of the book. But those devoted to well-managed incident, sentiment, and passions that take care not to be passionate will approve this story.

A MERE WOMAN. By VERA NIKTO. Duckworth. 6*s*.

Here we have a story that has pretensions to be taken seriously. It is very much better than the average novel of the day. Indeed, it has claims to be called a work of art. The ending is most dramatic and poignant, though here, as all through the book, the materials at the writer's command are inadequate to carry through her situations. She can imagine telling and lifelike scenes, but her writing, lacking as it is in breadth and fervour, does little more than suggest them to us. One would not complain if this suggested appeal were the conscious restraint of an Epicurean technique, but it is rather a poverty of feeling and imaginative force. All the same, the dialogue is so true to modern society, the atmosphere of the elegant world in Russia and the Riviera so delicately created, that we are grateful to Vera Nikto for a novel whose lack of literary gaucherie, whose good manners, and sincerity make it stand out like a thing of breeding and experience among the bunglings and shams of the day. The plot exercises itself mainly in Russia, but the fact is immaterial, as the characters are men and women of the world, whose manners are much the same in Paris, Berlin, or Petersburg. The author is evidently an admirer of Maupassant, whose technique she largely follows.

POLITICS

FINLAND AND WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT. By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE. T. Nelson. 1*s*.

Immediately after her husband's death, fifteen years ago, Mrs. Alec Tweedie went off to Finland to write a book. *Through Finland in Carts* was her first "professional" venture. Its popularity has inspired the author to bring it thoroughly up to date, and add a new political appendix of present-day events in Finland, and the position of women there, both in and out of politics.

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

The Difficult Question of Summer Millinery

¶ The greatest importance attaches to the question of millinery suitable for those many smart *al fresco* entertainments which are announced to take place during the next few weeks, garden parties, river pic-nics, and *al fresco fêtes* being the order of the day. Something shadier, larger, and more becoming is required than those small models, worn during the past few months, that, while very fashionable and *chic* for wear in Town, look sadly out of place on the river or at a country garden-party.

The New and Becoming Tulle Trimmed Hats

¶ To meet this particular need a West End milliner has designed some perfectly charming tulle-trimmed hats which are eminently becoming and far more suitable for high summer and smart holiday wear than the somewhat grotesque models that made so determined a bid for popularity earlier in the season. These are of moderate size with shady brims that throw a becoming shadow over the eyes, while the trimming consists of big tulle butterfly bows of the most fashionable design, at the base of which are clustered sprays of flowers. One very charming model of this description is carried out in shades of mauve and purple tulle with an exquisite spray of deep purple velvet clematis set amid the flimsy trimming, making an ideal creation.

The Fashionable Touch of Black Velvet.

¶ At this exceptionally attractive milliner's are also to be found the new summer hats made of lace with the fashionable black velvet crowns which are the fashion of the present moment, and prove so becoming to the majority of wearers. Here also one finds a very big selection of smart millinery specially designed for wear at Cowes and Goodwood, which is not only moderately priced, but

possesses the charm of simplicity that has so long been lost sight of. This milliner makes a very great speciality of really becoming hats suitable for women who have passed their first youth. Some of the daintiest models worn at Ascot and at fashionable weddings this season have emanated from her showrooms.

A Bargain De Luxe

¶ The fashion for wearing a modified type of evening cloak over summer toilettes will be one of the great features of dress for the holidays this season; nothing is more useful, picturesque, or serviceable than these smart wraps—half-way between a cloak and a coat—that can be slipped over any light or dark costume, supplying just that finish and amount of warmth one requires on a summer evening or a chilly afternoon. One very attractive model of this description designed by a leading West End dressmaker is carried out in a good shade of dark blue silk lined throughout with the new saffron colour silk, the whole presenting a colour effect that, while smart, is by no means too elaborate for wear in the daytime. Fashioned on new lines and cut nearly full length, this model is caught up in a slight drapery to one side, where it is fastened with a fancy ornament. Both for day and evening wear it is thoroughly to be recommended, and, being more moderately priced than the majority of these wraps, constitutes one of those bargains *de luxe* that are being sought after by numerous women who are contemplating spending their summer holiday at some smart French *plage* or a fashionable "Cure" resort.

The New "Queen" Parasol

¶ So many determined attempts have been made of late to introduce a new variety of sunshade more in keeping with the present type of millinery than the ordinary kind that it is good news to hear of one novelty at least in this direction that has at last "caught on," and is creating a great vogue amongst the best-dressed women this season. Known as "The Queen Parasol," it is of a far flatter shape than any that have gone before, and consequently forms a more becoming background for summer millinery than the round or dome-shaped variety that is apt to bury the smartest hat. "Queen" parasols are the speciality of one leading London shop where they are to be found at all prices; carried out in plain and *chêné* silk, in lace and chiffon covering, mounted with either plain or ultra-elaborate handles. For motoring and driving the new type of parasol is very useful, as not only is it very ornamental, but particularly light to hold.

Novelties in Neckbands and Hair Ornaments

¶ One of the sensations of the present season is a quite new type of hair ornament and neckband combined, composed of a broad or narrow band of black, white, or flesh-coloured tulle, delicately worked in brilliant *diamanté* in exact reproduction of some of the most elaborate and most expensive designs that the leading Parisian jewellers have had made for the new diamond bandeaux and placques. These are anything but expensive, and are the rage of the present season for wearing flatly across the hair, or round the neck. Made in modified as well as elaborate designs, these jewelled bands are being adapted for day wear by a great many women anxious to protect their necks from the scorching rays of the sun, and yet desirous of retaining the ease and comfort of the new and fashionable Parisian *décolletage*.

Summer Furs

¶ Furs at summer prices are bargains that the wise of life never ignore, for, as so many women realise, the purchase of furs when they can be obtained at something like 25 per cent. below the price that will be demanded for them once the summer holidays are over not only constitutes real economy, but by buying now one has the use of one's furs from the very first hint of chilly days. Hitherto the real difficulty has been to determine what will be fashionable during the coming winter, and what styles will be launched by the best Paris and London furriers.

Pony Skin Coats and Natural Sea Fox

¶ To meet this need one of the leading furriers in London has already laid in a stock of all the most advanced model coats, stoles, and muffs that will be worn next winter. These are particularly interesting, as they introduce all manner of new natural furs, one being the exceptionally beautiful Japanese sea fox that makes up into really effective and very hard wearing muffs and stoles that promise to be even more fashionable than the Civet cat that made so great a sensation last season. Here one also learns the already established popularity of skunk which is to be the fur *de luxe* in Paris and London next year, while pony skin coats will supersede the ubiquitous musquash of which one has grown a little tired. Novel designs in graceful and slendering full length sable-dyed squirrel coats are likewise to be had at this same shop at very moderate prices, where a speciality is made of altering and renovating furs during July and August at far more reasonable rates than are charged during the winter season.

A New Silk Sports Coat

¶ Summer wardrobes are certainly incomplete without the addition of at least one of those smart sports coats that now form so necessary and useful a possession. The newest and most attractive of these are fashioned of pure silk in white and various bright colours, giving the same smooth effect as a silk stocking. Beautifully light to wear and very becoming, this new type of sports coat is made with a turned down collar fitting high to the neck, while on either side are set two serviceable pockets. For summer golf, tennis, or mountaineering these new coats, which are exceedingly light to wear, cannot be too warmly recommended.

New Bathing Suits

¶ Bathing suits *de luxe* are also of primary importance just now, as a change that is all for the better is affecting these costumes, which are very much smarter and more *chic* than they have ever been before. This year there is a perfect rage, not for the most elaborate, but for the most simple bathing dresses, as women nowadays realise that it is useless trying to swim or even wade very far out in the hitherto rather cumbersome garments that were more ornamental than useful. One firm really responsible for this sudden change for the better are now making a speciality of some particularly delightful sailor bathing suits made of tussore silk, remarkable for its lightness, and to the fact that it does not cling to the figure when wet. These costumes are being sold at a remarkably low price, and consist of sailor suits and skirts to match, the borders being edged with a contrasting coloured silk such as light blue, emerald green, and a delightful shade of mauve. At this same shop are also to be obtained some delightfully novel bathing caps that are quite waterproof, and which, instead of making a narrow edge round one's face like last year's caps were apt to do, are very much softened by a charming narrow frill, making an astonishing difference to one's appearance, besides helping to keep the cap in a firmer position.

The Best Holiday Tailor-made Costume

¶ For smart holiday wear there is nothing half so useful as those ultra *chic* tailor-made coats and skirts which have been brought to such a pitch of perfection by Burberry that they are being worn by all the best-dressed women this season, and are promised a still greater popularity during the autumn, when the first hint of chilly weather makes a smart tailor made one of the most useful possessions. Fashioned in light or dark coloured cloth, excellently cut and tailored to perfection, these Burberry costumes can

be made of airylight weather-proof cloth (which is to be had in a large selection of charming colourings), and will be found to be quite unrivalled for wear abroad or for travelling; while the special models and new cloths now being prepared for the Scotch season make a direct appeal to a large number of women who are already contemplating the purchase of smart shooting costumes.

A Novel Meat Safe

¶ A novelty that will make a very direct appeal to housekeepers during the hot weather is a new portable meat safe small enough for keeping on a larder shelf, yet commodious enough to hold three distinct sets of dishes. This is made on a new and improved system, and consists of a cage of ventilated wire-work, which is absolutely flyproof, the safe being made in such a manner that the doors automatically close as soon as the dishes are put in or removed, so that even the most careless of servants have no excuse for leaving food unprotected during the season when flies abound.

Names and addresses of shops where any article mentioned above can be obtained, will be sent upon receipt of a post card addressed to MARY MARSH, "The English Review," 17–21, Tavistock Street, W.C.

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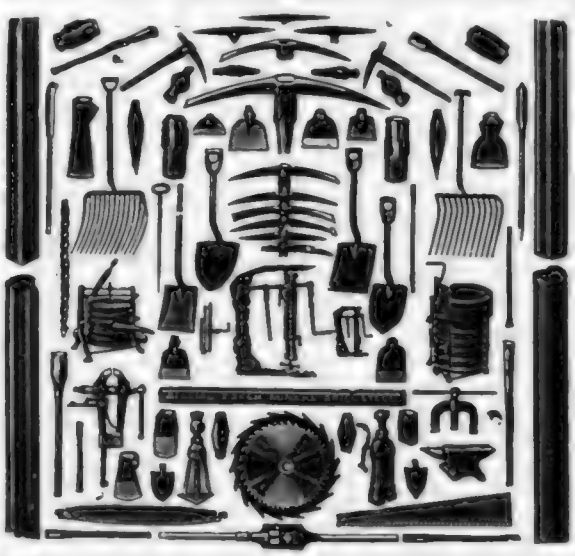

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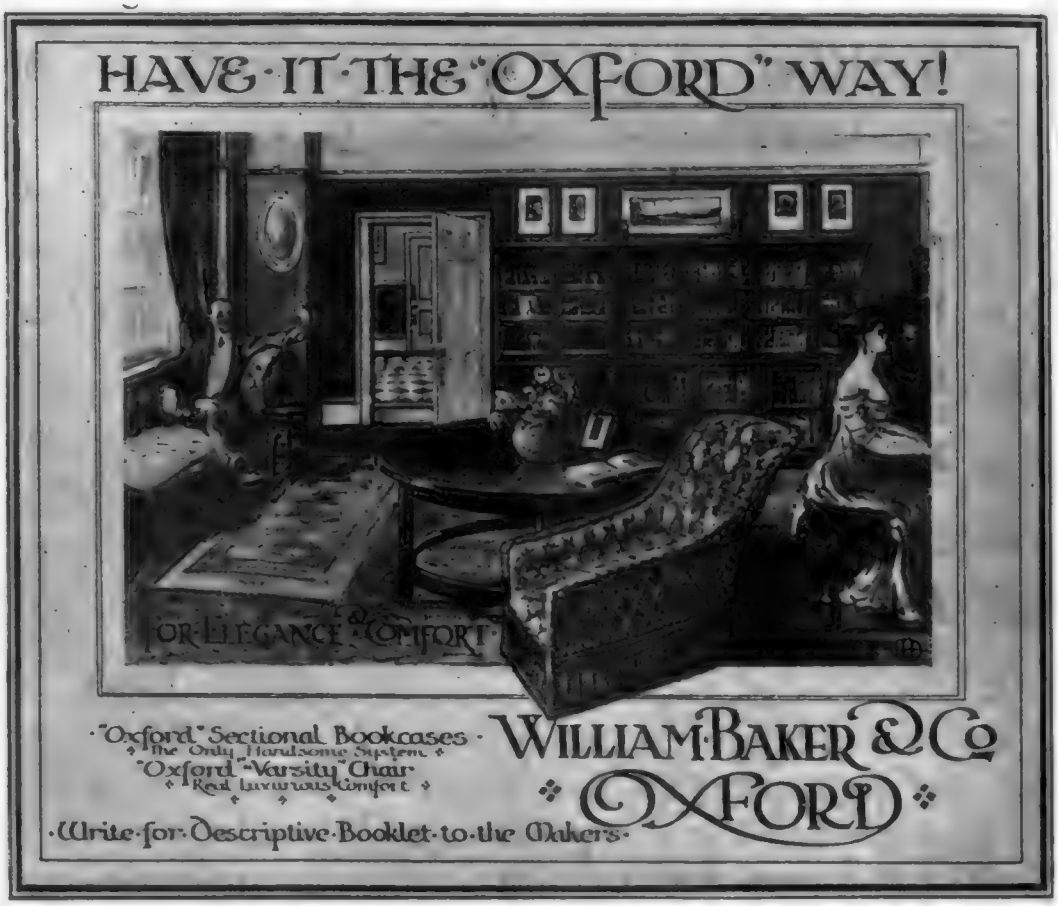

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